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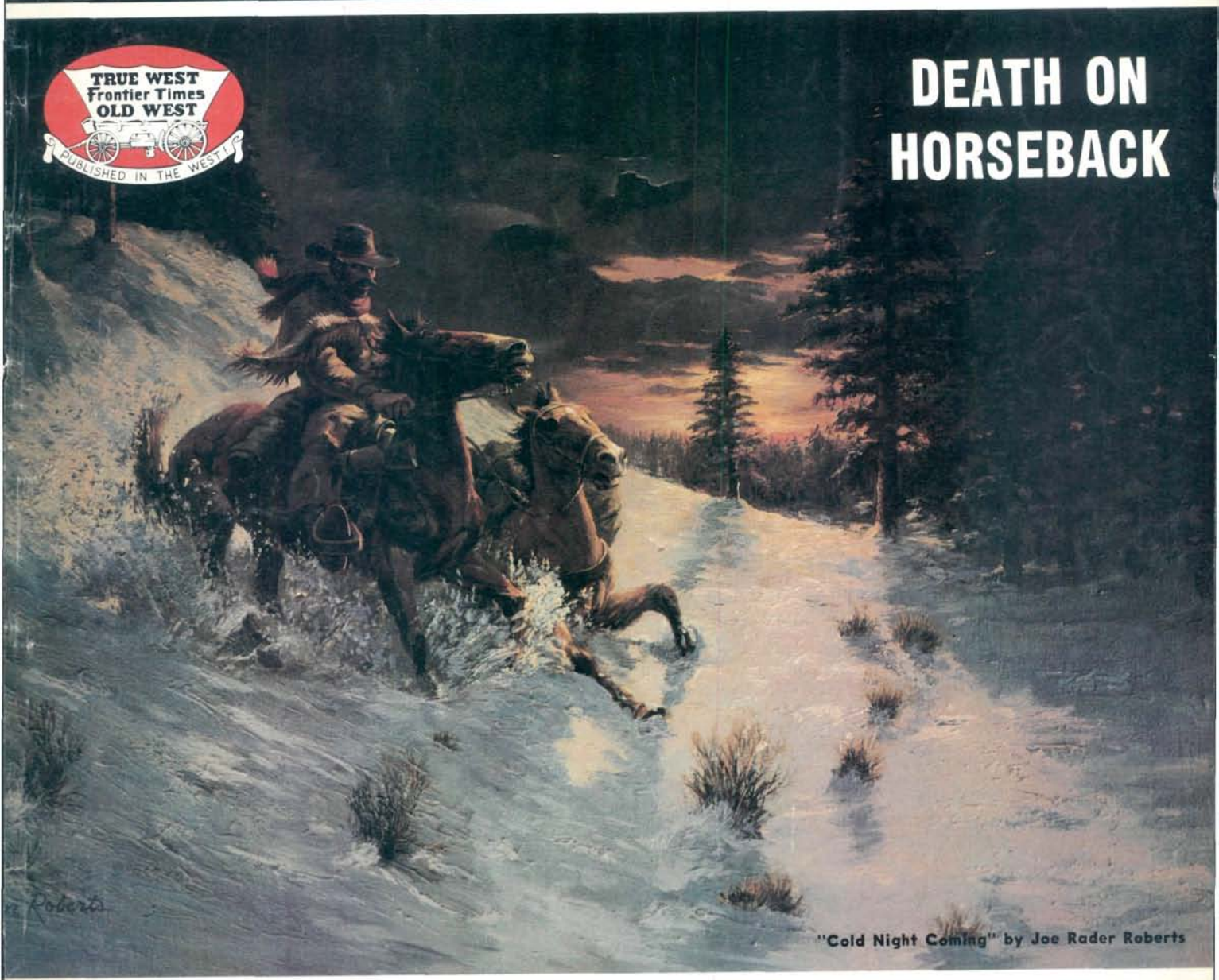
THE SAGA OF THREE LIEUTENANTS

—Death at Hawikuh



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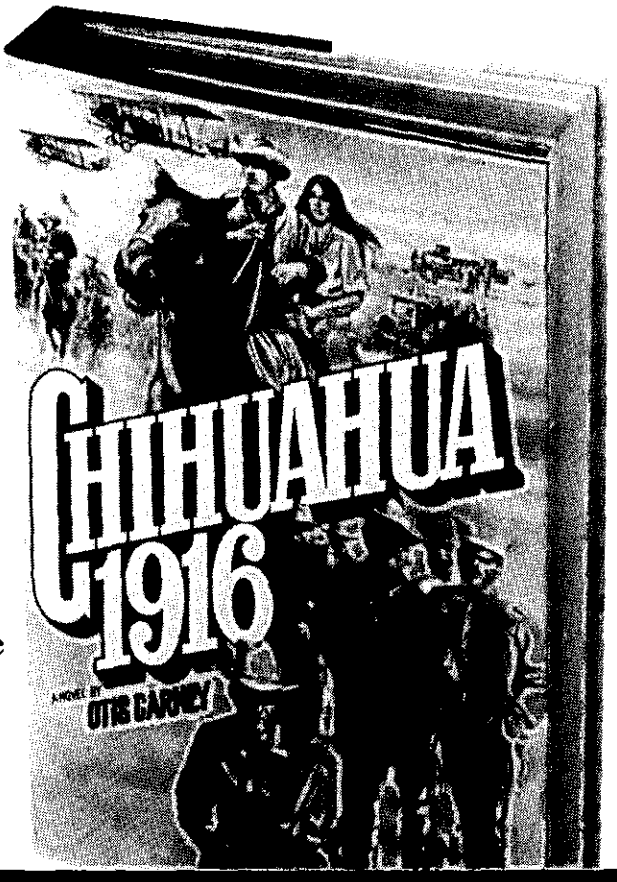

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Hosstail's "SMALL TALK"

ALEXANDER'S LONGHANDLES

THERE is a man in this town called Alexander. He is a good man. He goes to church, pays his taxes and doesn't beat his wife.

If Alexander was a bad man, I wouldn't feel so guilty about the wrong I did him. As it is, my conscience has won out and now I am confessing — not to Alexander, not amidst the hushed shock of a church audience, not by means of vocal concession at all, but in writing — which I think appropriate in this particular instance.

When you read this, Christmas will soon be a memory. But we in the rag business must work ahead. We edit your February magazine in December. As I write, the strains of the song "White Christmas" float softly from a nearby radio.

It makes you feel mellow inside. It is peace on earth good will to men. At this time of year, even those who have led rapscallious lives get to feeling clean, wholesome, their minds pure. Mine is pure too — except for one thing. I stole a man's drawers.

I didn't steal them intentionally, you understand. But I've got to confess — to get it off my mind. Then, when the notes of "Silent Night" drift out on a snowy air, I can feel clean inside like the rest of you sinners.

A fellow's undercovering shouldn't be stolen — even by mistake. After all, there's nothing closer to a man than his drawers.

It started out innocently enough. On our first duck hunting trip of the season, Alexander (my hunting and fishing friend, accidentally left his longhandles on the back seat of my car. He'd taken them off as the day grew hot. He poked them in a convenient cranny among the piles of paraphernalia a duck hunter considers essential in the game of paying ten dollars a pound for meat and seeing how many parts of his carcass can be frozen while doing it.

"He's just like me," I told the wife. "Always leaving his belongings in a friend's car. Remind me to run them by his house next week."

But we both forgot about Alexander's longhandles until I was about to leave on a hunt with another friend. It was cold. Very cold. I didn't have any warm drawers. My wife remarked; "You still haven't gone down and bought warm underwear for these trips. I hope you freeze!"

I thought of Alexander's longhandles then. A tinge of guilt ruffled my conscience as a result of the decision that followed. But it didn't last long. My friend wouldn't mind my using his drawers for one trip. He wouldn't want me to stand in a cold blind, freezing inch by inch. Alexander wasn't that kind of a man. So I borrowed them for that weekend.

They were wonderful! I've never stepped into such concentrated warmth! When we arose to a cold dawn next morning, their gentle snugness was like an alcohol rubdown to my goose-pimpled skin. When we hit an icy blind, with a piercing wind whistling through the flimsy boughs, I really began to appreciate Alexander's longhandles. I gloried in their soft comfort while my hunting companion shivered miserably.

THAT trip spoiled me. I knew from that day on that I could never make a hunting trip in cold weather again without a pair of longhandled drawers. Each week I'd plan on going by the store and stocking up, but always I'd forget it until too late. When you have just thirty minutes to get an hour's worth of stuff ready for a hunt, and Bill mustn't be kept waiting twenty minutes like the last time — well, that's no time to go down and buy a pair of drawers. You know that as well as I do.

So the winter wore on. The next season slipped by fast, too. And now this one is nearly finished. I've meant to take them back, of course. But I'll tell you in all sincerity that every time I thought about returning Alexander's longhandles, I'd need them. So I'd rub salve on my conscience by resolving: "I'll use them just this time — then I'll take them by Alexander's soon as I get back."

You know how it is getting back from a hunting trip. You're tired. Most times you're disgusted. There is nothing on your mind but thoughts of good food, warmth and rest. It is a bad time to return a pair of underwear — especially clear across town. Too, they'd have to be laundered and that takes nearly a week these days.

The proper time to return a man's drawers is Friday afternoon or Saturday. But that's when I needed them, so you see it was a sad situation.

As I say, I've meant to take them

(Continued on page 52)

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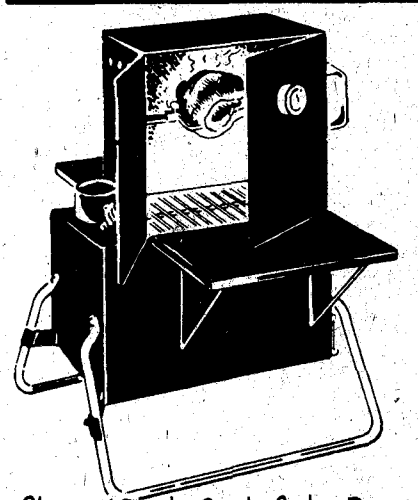

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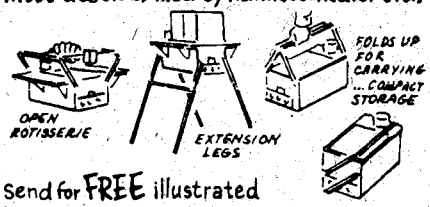

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TOUR GUIDE TO OLD WESTERN FORTS

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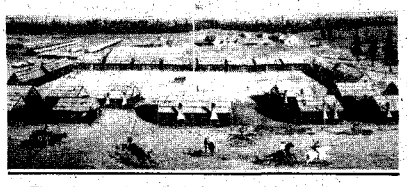

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Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Cameron — Dixon — Madry

I am trying to locate some very good friends I have lost track of. They are: Harry and Toni Cameron, last seen in Bakersfield, California in September 1945; Jimmy and Lucille Dixon, last seen in Richmond, California in July 1943; Keith and Valetta Madry, last seen in Levelland, Texas in July 1946.

I would certainly appreciate hearing from anyone knowing the whereabouts of any of these people. — Fritz Langrock, 730 Pecan Street, Apt. #6, West Sacramento, California 95691

Carroll

I need information regarding John Carroll, born August 30, 1828 in Claiborne County, Tennessee, second child in a family of ten born to Hugh and Anna Shelton Carroll. About 1836 the family moved to Fort Gibson, Indian Territory (Oklahoma) later settling near Neosho, Newton County, Missouri where Hugh farmed until the start of the Civil War when he joined the Confederate Army. He was killed there in 1862.

John Carroll settled in McDonald County, Missouri where he became a farmer along with cattle raising. In 1857 he married Huldah Holcomb. At the outbreak of the Civil War he volunteered for service in the Confederate Army. After the war he moved to Huntsville, Madison County, Arkansas where he became involved in real estate. The family resided there until about 1879 when the town of Eureka Springs, Carroll County, Arkansas beckoned as a place of opportunity. A move was made that resulted in John Carroll being admitted to the bar and becoming a member as an attorney in the firm of Carroll, Glitsh, and Vandeventer. He also served Eureka Springs as town marshal and mayor. In 1885 Judge Isaac Parker of Fort Sill appointed him U.S. Marshal of the western district of Arkansas and the five civilized tribes of the Indian Nation.

John Carroll and Huldah Holcomb Carroll were parents of Mary, who married John Cecil of Texas; Dick; Jeff; Nora; Albert; Nellie; and Frank, who was an employee of the Eureka Springs post office.

It is believed that John Carroll died in 1895 and is buried in the I.O.O.F. Cemetery at Eureka Springs.

I would also appreciate hearing from anyone knowing date and place of death of John Carroll's mother, Anna Shelton Carroll and where she and her husband Hugh are buried.

Hugh and Anna Carroll were my great-great-grandparents. Their oldest son, Ralph Shelton Carroll, was my great-grandfather. — Mrs. Charles C. Pace, 2105 Laurelei Avenue, San Jose, California 95128.

Horne

I would like information on Tom Horne. I believe he had four boys, Jim, Alford, Issidor and Robert. He died in 1916 at Kingsland (or Brown Town), Camden County, Georgia — Frank Horne, Rt. 1, Box 121, Kingsland, Georgia 31548.

Redick - Dugger

Enoch Jackson Redick was born August 24, 1837 in Pennsylvania. He was a Union soldier in the Civil War. He was wounded in the hip but survived and walked with a limp the rest of his life. He married Elizabeth Rebeccah Dugger and their children were Elmer, Mertie, Stella, Dora and Atta Faye, all born in Kansas. Enoch was in the Oklahoma land rush and got a homestead five miles south of Stillwater, Oklahoma. I would like to hear from anyone who knows anything at all about these people. — Linda Cressler, Egnar Route, Dove Creek, Colorado 81324.

Goodrich - Beed - Fish

I would like to contact any descendants of Mary Elizabeth Goodrich Beed, wife of George Beed. Mary was the daughter of Charles Rollin Goodrich (1821-1898) and his wife Harriet Fish (1820-1911) who were married in 1844.

Harriet Fish was the daughter of

(Continued on page 60)

NEW... THE WESTERN GHOST TOWN SERIES

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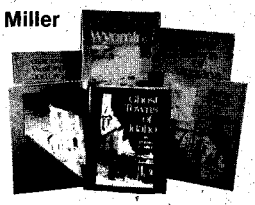

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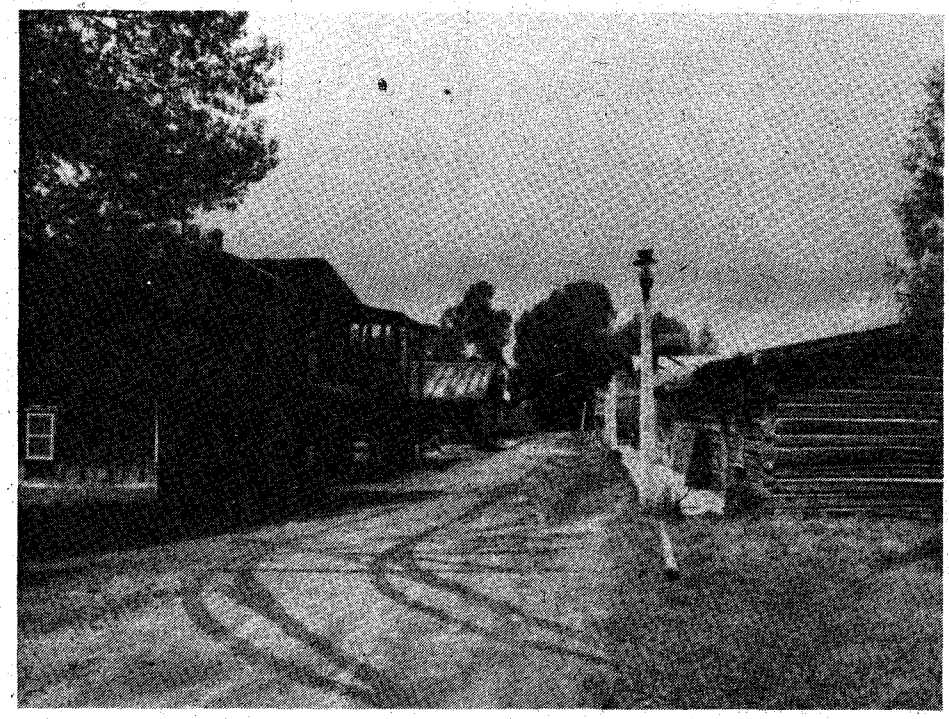
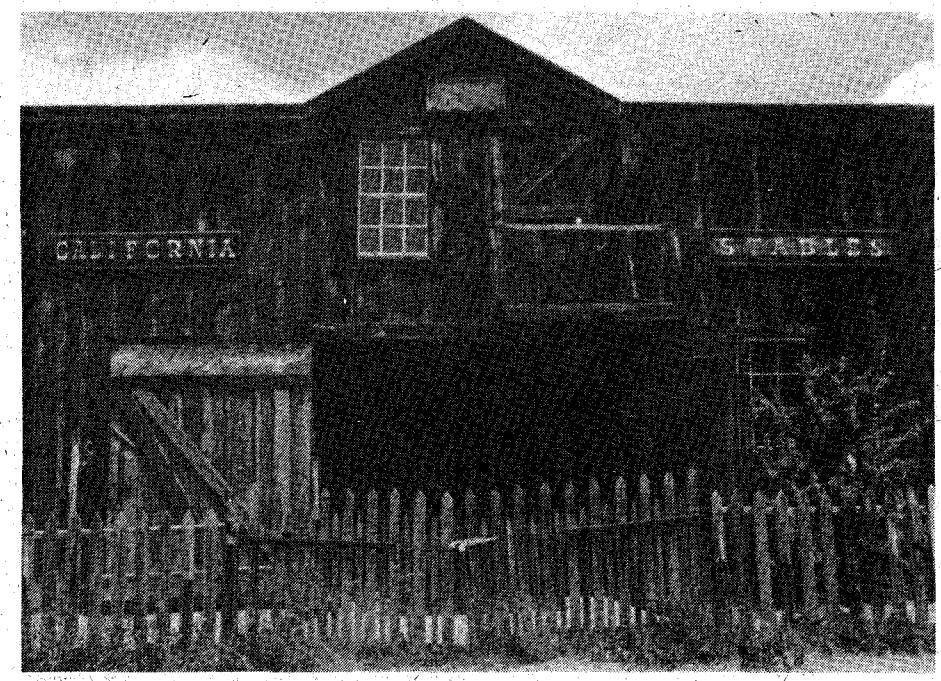
Truly Western

Chic Safe High-Rise

This picture was taken at Nevada City, adjacent to Virginia City, Montana. The square structure under the tree is a two-story privy. The building with the veranda was a hotel. A ramp goes from the porch to the upper portion of the privy. — Paul T. Klemos, 27701 Murrieta Rd., Sp. 44, Sun City, California 92381



Above and below are pictures taken by Paul T. Klemos at Nevada City, Montana.



Memories Of Henry Starr

I was born in Missouri in 1908. My father decided to move to Oklahoma in 1914 when I was six years old. Thirteen covered wagons came from Alton, Missouri to Stroud, Oklahoma, a distance of 600 miles. When we got to Stroud my father rented a large two-story house on a farm just one mile east of town and planted a big cotton crop. Prices were good in those days.

In 1915 Henry Starr robbed both banks in Stroud; Mr. Dodd's First National Bank and J.B. Charles' Stroud National Bank. While the robbery was going on Henry Starr was out in the middle of the street firing his pistols and a young boy by the name of Paul Curry ran into a store across the street from the bank, came out from behind the store with a gun and shot Henry Starr through the leg. He was captured there and the rest of the gang got away. Henry Starr was taken to Chandler and put in jail. Later he was taken to the prison at McAlester. After he was paroled in 1919 he decided to make a movie of the robbery.

My father had one of the fastest horses in the county. One evening he got a call from Starr. He wanted my father to meet him in Stroud the next morning. I was just a kid but my father took me along and we met Mr. Starr at Barwigs Cafe where we three had breakfast. Mr. Starr wanted to rent my father's horse. My father told him he would loan him the horse if he thought he could ride him. Mr. Starr said not to worry about that, he would ride the horse.

Next morning my father and I took the horse down to the stock yards in Stroud and Mr. Starr finally got on the horse and rode him. When the movie was finished he returned the horse to my father.

Paul Curry, the young man who shot Henry Starr, later on came out and picked cotton for my father. He could really pick that cotton. He would pick two rows while I picked one. About fifteen years ago Paul Curry died. He lived on a farm eighteen miles south of Stroud, at Prague, Oklahoma. — Charles Proctor, 809 N.W. 17th Street, Moore, Oklahoma 73160

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Add Darby

The article in the June *True West* by Joe and Terry Cole concerning the cattle thieves in Fayette County, Texas has encouraged me to share some additional information about my grandfather, Add Darby.

Add Darby acquired some 3,000 acres after he moved to West Point, Texas in 1849 and was one of that hardy breed that drove his cattle to the railhead in Kansas. The land in West Point was the location of the "Darby rough and hideout spring" mentioned in the article as a hiding place for "men who didn't want to be seen." Mr. Darby's heirs still own the land and often refer to the "hideout."

One of the events that prompted Add Darby to join with the group of cattlemen who hired the Cottrell and Cottrell Detective Agency in 1891, occurred just after the M. K. & T. Railroad came through West Point in the 1880s. In addition to owning an extensive herd, Add Darby cut cordwood for delivery by the new railway. One night, after the arrest of some cattle thieves, Mr. Darby and his brother Miel caught some friends of the thieves burning his stacked wood. Uncle Miel shot one of the men with buckshot but he got away, as did many cattle thieves and their hired "friends" during that time. This particular man, however, was identified because he uncomfortably carried the buckshot in him for the rest of his life, until about 1930.

Later, after the undercover Cottrell detectives were hired by the cattlemen and set up as employees at Mr. Darby's cotton gin in West Point, the gin was also burned.

Add Darby's wife died when my mother, Millicent (Middie) Addison Hart, was born. Aunt Addie Hart came from Winchester to take care of mother and brought some dependent relatives with her. They were the Ramsey and Haynie children. All lived at Add Darby's home at some time.

The old Darby home burned in 1933 while we lived in it, but the cistern which supplied the water is still intact.

James Addison "Add" Darby, a Civil War veteran, was a kind, good man and will not soon be forgotten. — J. A. Moore, P.O. Box 347, Freeport, Texas 77541

From One of Our Younger Readers!

Since the demise of my beloved *Relics* in which I had eleven articles and fourteen RFD department letters published in my ten years' association with this wonderful little specialized magazine, I have been left high and dry. I put my all into that publication with only a little overlapping into *True West* and *Frontier Times*, your bigger magazines. I'm not quite old enough to have my experiences appear in the latter but I'm rapidly getting there at my present age of seventy-eight.

Now with the October issue of *True West* just received I find several good excuses for writing this letter. Articles by Walter Gann and Victor White naturally come first and I have made friends with both through correspondence, plus Al Martin Napoletano, your fine artist who illustrated the Gann piece "Them JA Steers."

I am glad to see Ike Osteen again in *True West*. Ike is knowledgeable about hitching up mules as per his "Broomcorn and Mules" article in this issue. Best instructions I have ever seen. — Wendell E. Smith, 1635 Alpine Terrace Road, Alpine, California 92001

Photo Identification

I read "Doc Outland and Emmett Dalton" in the August issue of *True West*. I've read opposing accounts of who the actual four were who robbed banks in Coffeyville, Kansas.

Many years ago I found some old photographs and papers in a deserted house. Among these was a piece of cardboard on which eight photos of the Coffeyville robbery were pasted. All were made up on photo postcards except one. This looks like an original photo. However, at one time all photos were put on postcards.

Attached to this cardboard was also a newspaper clipping from the Los Angeles *Times* (no date) telling of the death of Emmett Dalton in Los Angeles. The last part of the article is missing.

The photos are dated October 5 and 13, 1892. The discrepancy is, who were the two who robbed the bank with the Daltons? The Los Angeles *Times* article reads that Bill Powers and Dick Broadwell robbed the Coffeyville bank with the Dalton brothers. It goes on to say that Bob and Emmett both survived that shooting and went to prison — Bob under a 20-year sentence and Emmett under a 15-year sentence. In the *True West* story only Emmett survived. The article concludes that both Bob and Emmett were pardoned and became respected citizens.

In the photos I have, four men are lying dead in their coffins. Their clothes are disheveled, bloody, torn, shot-up and dirty. The bodies look like they were thrown in the coffins. Under each body, in one of the photos, is a name written in pencil by whoever owned the photograph. The first part of the first name isn't clear but looks

(Continued on page 52)

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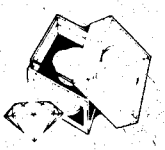

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Jack Sully's funeral train. Coffin is on wagon. Most of train is over the hill and not in sight.

By ED BARTHOLOMEW
Photos provided by
Fred Lee & James Murdock

DEATH ON HORSEBACK

In the Rosebud country outlaw Jack Sully was considered a damned good man — and his neighbors ought to know . . .

THE violent horseback days of our early West were drawing to a close, when shortly after the turn of this century, about 1904, there on the wild rolling plains of south-central South Dakota, "a good man, and a moral one . . . who did not think there was anything wrong about rustling," died on horseback. His name was Jack Sully.

The area had known General Sully for whom Fort Sully and Sully County were named, but Jack Sully was of a later day and a man unlike his famous namesake. He died a wild and free soul, as he had lived, there near the head of Ponca Creek, west of Bonesteel and in the Tripp-Gregory county line area.

Jack Sully was of French ancestry and perhaps no one knew from where he came when he rode into the Indian lands west of the Missouri River "long before the days of Custer." He may have come later, a product of the Lower East Side of New York City like Billy the Kid, and influenced by reading early dime-novels.

He was described by a posseman who helped end his career as "a man of fine physique, quiet and (of) pleasing manner, and as afterwards proved, a strategist and leader of men." He had lived among the Brule Sioux "long before the days of Custer," said one account; Custer and his troop had died many miles away on the Rosebud, not in Dakota, in 1876. He had married an Indian woman and was initiated into the tribe and at the time of his death he was the father of several bright Indian children, perhaps his second family.

The very strength of Sully's strong character and leadership may have resulted, in part, in his downfall. Fred M. Lee, who saw him die, related that he had gathered a group of Indian men of like character about him, who had soon "pillaged the settlers right and left, raided the settlements, stealing whatever they could from them and the outlying and lonely ranch houses."

They reportedly had stolen cattle and horses, driven them into the Reservation and altered brands. When a large enough herd had been assembled, these cattle were driven far to the south, to Texas. There they were shipped to Northern and Eastern markets. No mention has been found in the cattle archives and lore of this group making these long drives south, and it is thought doubtful that this "master rustler" ran such a grand operation.

By most accounts, however, Sully was not above suspicion of these described activities around southern South Dakota and in northern Nebraska, along the Niobrara where "Print" Olive, former Texan, ranched and ruled with a strong hand and dealt drastically with suspected rustlers.

Reportedly, Sully had been arrested a number of times, but he "could never be convicted because any jury in South Dakota was bound to include some of his adherents." So said H. Allen Smith, the author and humorist, who may have enlarged a bit from what he had learned about Sully in an interview with a resident of Chamberlain in the 1940s. According to Smith's informant, a man who was then researching Sully's life and who respected the squawman, Jack had escaped from jail at Mitchell, Davison County, and fled to Canada, where he

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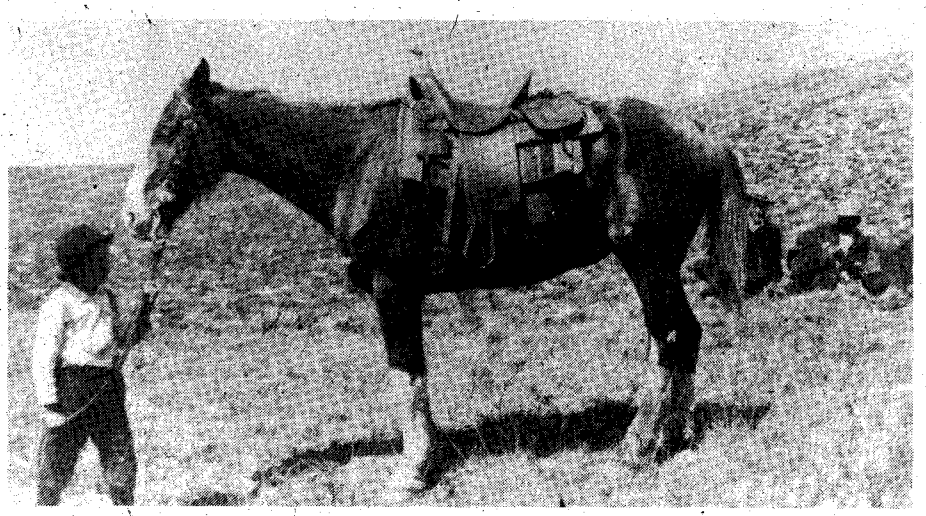

Sully's horse being held by a son. Note wounds (crosses) on legs and breast of horse.

Above: Jack Sully in his coffin. Below: Sully's home during the funeral.

stayed a year. After he returned home to his ranch on Ponca Creek, the Bonesteel posse came after him.

IT was reported that a stolen steer was found in Sully's herd and upon investigation other cattle were found, allegedly wearing altered brands. Sully had escaped and fled back to his home on the Reservation and had evidently eluded capture for some months.

Officers tried to take him there during daylight hours and, failing, suspected that his Indian friends warned him of the approach of any stranger. Jack would hide in the timber along the creek which was located half a mile from his home. Unknown then to the authorities, Jack had dug a hundred-yard tunnel, stretching from his stable where he often slept on a bedroll, and opening into the dense brush. This was how he had so easily escaped posses in the past.

The authorities now devised a new plan. They had located an Indian who would guide them to the ranch house and who evidently suggested that they go at night. Deputy U.S. Marshal Petrie of Chamberlain came down to head the attack. He was assisted by Brand Inspector A.P. Long. They led a posse composed of ten other men, mostly local citizens. Fred Lee, who later put down his thoughts describing the following events, was one of these possemen.

After nightfall they rode west from Bonesteel and within a few miles entered the Reservation. Through the night they rode, covering the forty miles, only once stopping for water at a creek and to let the horses graze a while. The guide "was a wonder for he disregarded all trails, and avoided the Indian villages with their barking dogs that would have warned the dwellers at once of our approach." At three a.m. the guide whispered for all to speak low as the sounds would travel a great distance in that open country.

Before daybreak the posse came to the creek located near the Sully home. It was located on a rise of land where one could observe the country for miles in all directions of that near treeless landscape except for the nearby creek and brush.

There were three approaches to the house: two from the north over the rolling plain; and one from the south, the latter from the bottoms of Ponca Creek, a dense area of brush, rocks and driftwood. The posse had picketed their horses in a shallow valley two miles away and through the moonlight had crept in to survey the house with glasses. They walked in as silently as possible. Six men had been ordered into the creek bottom half a mile from the house, and they took up their

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positions just off the trail. Three men were sent to watch one north trail while a like number guarded the other north trail.

The six men in the bottom, among them Mr. Lee, waited for first light, wondering how the attempt would come off, fearing that regardless of how the event evolved, it might "bring down the whole Sioux Nation on us . . ."

As dawn came, as the morning scene brightened, they saw that the comfortable frame house was quiet, with a blue haze rising from the tin chimney, indicating that the occupants were stirring. The sound of the barking dog startled them, chilling Lee and his associates, indicating that their presence had been noted. Sully soon stepped out the door, studied the morning sky for a moment and with a pail in hand went to a rain barrel which was located at the corner of the house. He then returned to the house, glancing about. The posse now relaxed a bit.

A consultation was held and Marshal Petrie ordered the guide to go to the house and inform Sully that the place was surrounded, that he must surrender peaceably. Diamond put down his rifle, crawled through the tall grass, out of sight of the house, and then rose and calmly walked up the trail, evidently to indicate that he had come alone.

Again the barking dog brought Sully to the door, a rifle in his hand. When it was obvious that his friend was unarmed he lowered the rifle. The guide calmly relayed Petrie's message and advised Sully to surrender. Sully stepped back into the house, inviting Diamond to come inside.

MRS. SULLY was away, visiting the Pine Ridge Agency, and Jack was evidently alone with the children. Without speaking he slowly buttered two pieces of bread, placed them together and thrust the sandwich into his coat pocket. As he turned to leave he informed his "old friend Diamond" that he would try to break out on horseback, that he would not be taken alive. He asked for "the least guarded way out." The guide told him that this would be to the northwest.

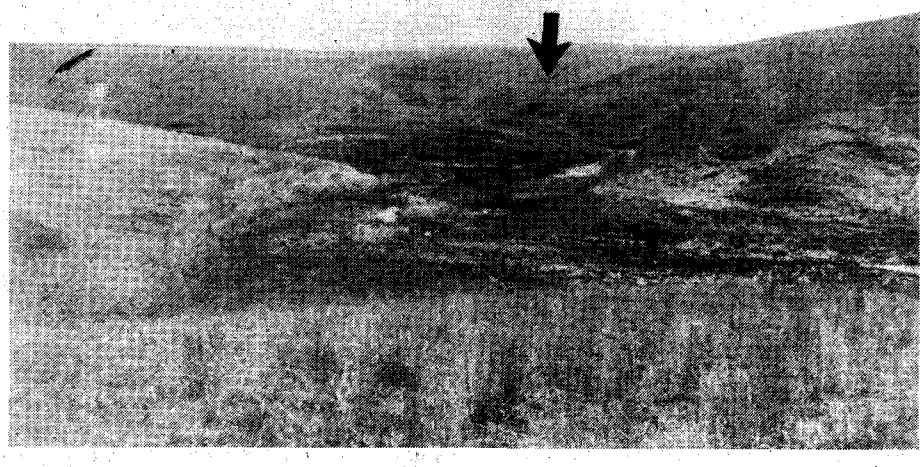
Sully silently strapped on his nearly full cartridge belt and his .38 caliber Colts, stooped to kiss his little children, and started toward the barn, perhaps having the escape tunnel in mind. Hesitating, he calmly walked instead to the corral which was located a hundred yards from the house, saddled his favorite roan pony, mounted and rushed up the northwest trail. Within seconds he suddenly turned and took the trail toward the creek "where we were stationed," said Mr. Lee. Perhaps he doubted Diamond's advice and changed his escape path, in a direction where he felt he would be covered by the brush and creek — if no ambushers were in wait there.

Lying low against the saddlehorn, his black eyes watchful, hatless, with his long black hair flowing in the breeze, he rode toward the hidden posse in the creek. Less than a hundred yards away Marshal Petrie stood up and shouted, "Stop, Jack Sully! Stop in the name of the law! Give yourself up peaceably and no harm shall come to you. Stop, I say!"

The horseman continued pell-mell as the officer raised his rifle and fired over Sully's head. As the reckless ride continued Marshal Petrie ordered the posse to fire, "but shoot high." This they did but it did not halt the daring horseman. The marshal later reported that had Sully gained a nearby rise he would have been lost to them, so he ordered his men to bring the rider down.

The pony abruptly turned and headed away from the posse, wobbling, having been struck by rifle fire. Sully was hanging on the mount's far side, shielding himself from fire which was continuing. With the distance rapidly widening, when Sully raised up in his saddle, Marshal Petrie took careful aim and fired. The pony stopped and Sully fell to the ground, with one foot yet in the stirrup. This scene was viewed through the glasses and the posse then came forward and disengaged his foot.

Sully tried to regain his feet, his hair in his face and blood gushing from his wound, but fell back and fainted. When he regained consciousness he asked for water and was given a drink of whiskey from a posseman's flask. After he swallowed, a smile faintly showed on his pallid face.



Above: Arrow points to the place where Jack Sully died. Below: Bonesteel, South Dakota, where the Sully posse formed, 1904.

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Two young children raced up, begging to see their father, but they were not allowed to do so for the men were afraid Sully might reveal the part that Diamond, the guide, had played in his capture. According to a posseman the downed man shook Petrie's hand and said he was dying but he held no ill-will toward the officer, saying further, "You only did your duty." His eyes were half closed, his frame became more rigid. A bloody foam came from his lips and, as Mr. Lee looked at the "gaping wound in the side where the bullet came out," Jack Sully's life blood ebbed away. He gasped once, his body shook, and he died in the arms of Marshal Petrie. Jack Sully, the "master rustler," was dead.

Within moments Indians came up from the ravines and silently watched as the posse carried Sully into the house. Leaving the body in care of friends and relatives the posse again mounted and rode back to Bonesteel and from there was sent out the "great news."

Two days later Mr. Lee, with three friends and a guide, returned to Sully's and from six miles away they could see that the house was surrounded by a large crowd of Indians, with their teepees pitched on all sides. It was on this sentimental visit that Lee recorded the scene of Jack's funeral with his box camera.

"They saw us coming," he said, "and strange to say, held (up) the funeral until we arrived. What a change from the deserted place of two days before. Indians (were) every place. We were invited by the son-in-law (of Sully) to view the remains and on entering the house found that the corpse had been dressed in a suit of store clothes and (was) in a coffin. Seated in a semi-circle on the floor was about twenty squaws, each with a shawl over her head and shoulders and chanting the most weird death chant one would ever want to hear."

Sully's wife requested that a photo of Jack be taken in his coffin and Mr. Lee did so. After this the coffin was put onto a wagon and taken to the nearby gravesite, with the mourners walking behind the wagon and chanting. Lee photographed the ensuing scene. As the coffin was lowered, each male Indian threw a few shovelsful of earth into the grave.

One may wonder about the thoughts of Mr. Lee then, as he stood there snapping his camera, having been one of the posse which ended Jack Sully's life. He later wrote that his account was an honest and truthful report and that this was how it was — the end of "the great cattle thief and outlaw of the Rosebud Indian Reservation."

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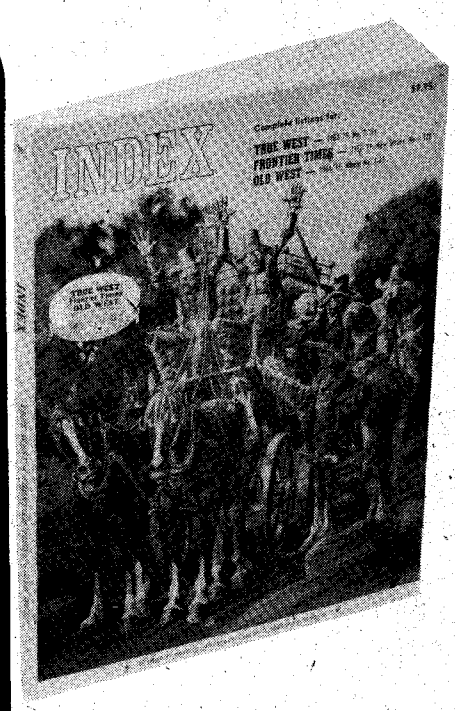

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A JUGGERNAUT

You might say she rode the

By KARL T. WHITE

IT was raining hard. Not good weather for a race. An anxious crowd of 3,000 settlers and speculators, some on horses and others afoot, jostled for position. Naunita Daisey, a reporter for the Guthrie *News*, sat horseback at the front.

Six days earlier, September 22, 1891, all the new Oklahoma lands specified in President Benjamin Harrison's proclamation had been opened, except Chandler. That was delayed by Governor Steele until the townsite survey was completed.

Now Chandler, the City of Rocks, was ready to be invaded at noon. Boulders as large as small houses dotted the site, and deep gullies cut into the landscape. With miles of level land surrounding the townsite, officials could not have picked a worse location for the county seat if they had tried.

Daisey was not there merely to report the land run. She planned to claim a town lot herself, despite the fact that she already owned a homestead near Edmond and could not legally make another claim. Daisey knew from her experience in the land run of 1889 that other settlers would offer a good price for a choice town lot. Precisely at noon, the signal sounded and the race began.

"Amid cracking whips and volleys of oaths, shouts and curses," reported the Galveston *News*, "the conglomerate mass of men and women on horses and afoot rushed like maniacs for town lots."

But for Daisey it was over as quickly as it began. The crowd surged forward, Daisey in the lead. Suddenly her horse stumbled in the rough terrain and

Photo provided by author; courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

Naunita Daisey, representing "Oklahoma," stands in the midst of her school children atop a float in Guthrie's first July 4 celebration, 1889. There was one school girl for each state and territory.

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NAMED DAISEY

train of life on the cowcatcher

threw her to the ground. Behind her, horsemen could not stop. Her body was trampled by the crowd.

More than one newspaper carried an account of her death, including the New York *Times*. The *Police Gazette* even ran a full page illustration of the death scene. But in the rush to meet their deadlines, they were all a bit premature.

Daisey was simply unconscious, not dead. By 3 o'clock she was awake, and by 6 she had regained her senses and reportedly said, "The lot where I fell is mine." Whether or not that particular lot was indeed given to her, a town lot at Chandler was listed in her estate after her actual death.

As dramatic as that event might be, it was only one episode in a series of adventures that marked Daisey's early life in Kentucky and her later years in Territorial Oklahoma.

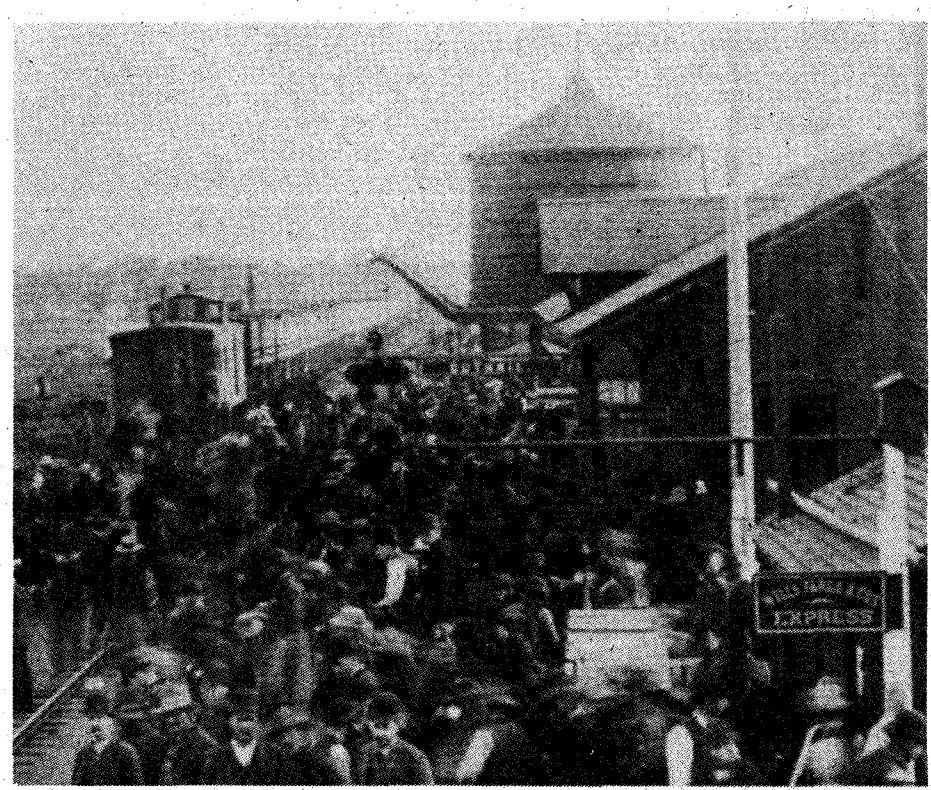
In four separate Oklahoma land runs, from 1889 through 1893, she was shot at, almost trampled to death by horses, managed to escape from a group of "Sooners" only to be captured by soldiers for being a Sooner herself, and twice organized colonies of women to help them settle in Oklahoma. She also organized an early Guthrie school and served several newspapers as correspondent.

DAISEY first burst upon the public scene in Kentucky when, after teaching at a rural school near Lagrange, she reportedly lobbied the Frankfort legislature for the job of State Librarian, but overwhelmingly lost.

For the next eight years she taught school in Louisville, and began to frequent the offices of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. Intelligent, witty and hard-working, Daisey was determined to make her mark in a profession where men outnumbered women twenty to one.

She soon became a favorite of the reporters; and the editors, impressed by her ambition, began to occasionally assign her to cover weddings and other such events for the paper.

That was a foot in the door, at least, but one stormy winter night Daisey recognized an opportunity to become something more than a society report-



Above: Photo of Guthrie train station taken on April 23, 1889. Below: Man holding down a town lot at Guthrie, 1889.

Photos courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

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er, and she jumped at the chance.

It was 2 a.m., and her phone call woke the city editor. On her way home, Daisey had noticed an unusual amount of activity at the Louisville & Nashville railroad depot, and stopped to investigate.

There was a train wreck about twelve miles out of town. A special train, with surgeons and a wrecking crew, was about to leave for the scene. There were no other reporters at the depot. Thus it was probable the story would be a scoop for the *Courier-Journal.* Daisey wanted the story. Could she have the assignment, she asked.

The city editor thought it over. There was no time to send a male reporter since the train was about to leave, and the morning paper would be put to bed in about two hours. If he wanted an exclusive, there was no choice but to give Daisey the assignment. He did.

At 3:30 a.m., the copy boy hurried into the office with Daisey's dispatch. After visiting the scene and gathering the details, Daisey walked two miles in the stormy darkness, composed the story, and telegraphed it to the paper in time for the morning edition.

She left Kentucky in 1888, and eventually landed a reporting job at the Dallas *News.* Acquaintances there believed she left Louisville after a dispute with a school ward trustee who disliked her free-speaking manner and unconventional behavior. Whether that was true or was simply a story she enjoyed telling about herself isn't clear.

Whatever the reason, she was working in Dallas, Texas, when Congress finally opened the first 1.8 million acres of Oklahoma Territory to settlement. President Harrison proclaimed the land rush would start at noon, April 22, 1889. The opportunity for free land, for a new beginning, captured the imagination of Daisey along with thousands of others, and she gave up her job as a full-time reporter to settle in Oklahoma and become the Guthrie correspondent for the *News.*

No ordinary means of entering the Territory that April day would have suited Daisey. She, along with hundreds of other settlers, was aboard the first northbound train from Purcell that sunny afternoon — but Daisey was in the cab. When the locomotive stopped at Edmond station to drop off some passengers, she conned the engineer into letting her sit atop the cowcatcher at the front of the engine for the next few miles. From her previous trips across Oklahoma aboard the train, Daisey knew that good land was just ahead.

Strapped around her waist she wore a pair of ivory-handled revolvers, and in her bags were a couple of tournament gold medals to prove she knew how to use them. Daisey expected no trouble from claim jumpers she could not handle.

As the train chugged through the Oklahoma grassland, Daisey suddenly spotted the quarter section she wanted. It was just to the right of the tracks, and sloped to the south and east. A house built next to the railroad would have a beautiful view of the rolling hills.

When the train slowed going up a slight incline, Daisey waved to the engineer and jumped. Quickly scrambling across a ditch she plunged some poles into the ground and fashioned a makeshift tent with her duster to mark the claim as taken.

Then she fired two pistol shots into the air and hustled back toward the still moving train. A fellow correspondent helped her board the last car for the remainder of the trip into Guthrie.

THE FIRST few days in that brand new city were incredible. Daisey's report for the *News* dated April 26 described her experiences:

"Restaurants are springing up in every direction, and meals which first cost $1, consisting of coffee, canned tomatoes and stale bread are now 25 cents for nice beefsteak, eggs, ham and coffee. The famine for food is over. Water, however, is still very scarce.

"The first day half the people went without water; the second day some enterprising boomers obtained buckets and dispensed water from the river at the moderate rate of 5 cents a drink. The third day, under the influence of competition, lemonade could be had for 10 cents a glass, and has since fallen to the regulation rate of 5 cents.

"Gambling is having a great run down here. It was an interesting and yet a somewhat pitiful sight to see men 'put up' their last dollar and with tremulous lips walk away . . . the ease with which the sharks took in their victims would seem to indicate that there are not a few flies that have not heard of the spider's parlor."

Daisey spent her days in town and her nights on the claim, for which she reportedly turned down an offer of $1,000 from an Eastern syndicate of land speculators. But others who wanted her homestead were not so discreet. On May 3, several papers reported she had been shot in the arm by a claim jumper, but Daisey returned his fire and drove him off. A Guthrie paper denied that report.

In the meantime, Daisey was not satisfied with owning merely one parcel of land. According to her own testimony in a lawsuit filed against her in 1894, during this period she settled on and improved a group of six adjoining town lots in Guthrie, but was repeatedly thrown off the property by soldiers acting for another claimant. Eventually she managed to purchase those lots from the owner.

As Guthrie evolved into a community, Daisey convinced the mayor to start a campaign soliciting materials and funds to erect a school building for the 200 school-aged children. Apparently the mayor did not move fast enough for her, because by the end of May, Daisey had started her own school in a blue frame building on Third Street and Springer, vowing to keep the school operating until the mayor and city council fulfilled their promises.

That September, Daisey nominated herself for Superintendent of the consolidated school system, but lost. Then the board promptly required all teaching applicants to take a written examination regardless of whether they held teaching certificates from other states. It is unclear if Daisey took or simply refused to take the exams, but when school opened a month later, she was not among the nine teachers hired.

Instead, on the day before Thanksgiving, she married a young soldier stationed at Fort Reno, Andreas E.J. Ueland Svegeborg. By this time she had replaced the tent on her claim with a one and one-half story, two-room house with portico, and it was there she continued to live while Svegeborg was in the army.

AFTER her accident at Chandler in 1891, Daisey joined her husband in El Reno to recuperate. It apparently worked wonders, because she was soon active enough to be involved in another incident that made the papers.

"Miss Daisey who was run over and killed at Chandler was killed again at El Reno, by being thrown from a carriage. Four doctors finally brought her back to life again, and she is as alive as ever, ready to be killed once more."

By next spring, Daisey was reported by the New York *Times* to be captain of a colony of eleven unmarried women planning to homestead in the Cheyenne & Arapaho lands scheduled to open April 19. Mounted and armed, they were illegally camped in a 200-foot deep gulch on the reservation, its entrance concealed by cedar trees. Although they were Sooners, Daisey claimed they had not violated the law since they were not actually on the land they later intended to claim.

Daisey returned to El Reno by horseback to get fresh supplies for the group, and in telling this story to reporters with whom she was acquainted, she flashed a bankbook showing $2,500 in capital that the group had pooled. Daisey had no intention of staking another claim for herself, but

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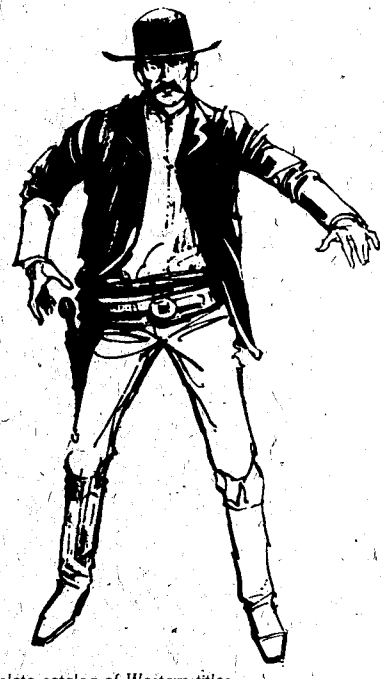

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merely intended to help the others locate good land on which they planned to build a town.

She waited until after dark to leave El Reno for the camp, hoping that would help her avoid cavalry patrols searching for Sooners. Occasionally she paused to light a match and consult a compass. The deserted prairie was quiet and the ride uneventful.

Then, near midnight, she accidentally wandered into a camp of fifteen to twenty male Sooners. Before she could do anything, Daisey heard the metallic click of a rifle being cocked, and then the guard's challenge. Prudently, she stopped and explained her mission. After a short while, they let her pass, satisfied she was not a soldier on patrol.

But because of that delay, it was daybreak by the time she forded a creek near her camp, the fifty-mile trip almost over. Without warning two cavalrymen appeared in her path. There was no escape. One of them escorted her back to the border, and from there she returned to El Reno to rest and try again the next night.

When the Cherokee Strip opened September 16, 1893, over 6,000,000 acres were contested by over 100,000 settlers. Daisey was there, too. This time she had organized a colony of thirty-four women who proposed to build a community "across the sacred borders of which no man shall pass."

Daisey and three other women started the race legally from Arkansas City. They hoped to claim 480 acres, three quarter-sections. Daisey even pledged to sell her homestead in Edmond to help finance the venture, if necessary. While its history may ever remain obscure, there are some intriguing bits of evidence that indicate the colony was established and even flourished for a while.

Three months after the run, the Guthrie *Daily Leader* reported that Daisey returned from her claim in the Strip to find her house burglarized. Obviously, someone thought she had a claim.

The next February, the *Oklahoman* described the colony:

"Of the thirty-six women who, under the leadership of Miss Annette Daisy [sic], made a run into the Cherokee Strip when it was opened last September, twenty-two have proved undaunted by the difficulties of their undertaking, and are busily engaged in perfecting a home with no man to make or mar. They hauled lumber themselves for a house of fifteen rooms, which they now occupy, and are prepared to do their own plowing, planting, etc., on the well watered and well timbered section of four hundred and eighty acres they hold. They already have three teams, two cows, chickens and other stock, and, neatly dressed in short skirts that come just below the knee, and are met with heavy woolen leggings that cover the legs from knee to ankle, they appear in fit condition to hold their own and carry out their plan."

Editors of the Edmond *Sun-Democrat* ridiculed that story, indicating that Daisey had made the land run for the Strip via train from Orlando and was actually contesting for a town lot in Perry. But that does not account for the New York *Times* correspondent who saw her begin the race at Arkansas City, sixty miles north of Orlando.

Did Daisey's colony exist? No one knows for sure. Regardless, Daisey's colony career was over. Her marriage had become strained. When her husband moved to Chicago after resigning from the army, she had stayed behind. Later, hoping for reconciliation, she followed him, but it was not to be. They were divorced on November 28, 1899, and Daisey died on April 21, 1903, almost fourteen years to the day after she made her grand entrance into Oklahoma Territory aboard the cowcatcher of a train.

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JIM HELTON'S BUFFALO NICKEL

It didn't help him in his horse swaps, but as Joe Cole points out, "I think a man who has ever done any trading knows ahead of time when he is going to make a deal."

By JOE A. & TERRY COLE
Photos provided by authors

Photo of Joe Cole taken at about the time of the story.

FIFTY YEARS AGO I was twenty-eight, married, and had a family of five to feed. I had been a horse trader all my life and worked on a few ranches. I made a fairly good living dealing in horse stock, and if someone needed a cowhand for a few days I was always ready to pick up a few dollars that way. I did most of my work for the Rosanky brothers. We lived five miles south of Smithville, Texas on a little fifty-acre tract we owned on Lake Creek.

One early fall I had made a trip down to Waelder and on to Moulton with six or seven head of good work stock and had come by $150 in my trading on this trip.

I only had three head left which I had taken in on trades. They were old worn-out work horses, maybe worth between $15 to $20 each. I was glad to have that $150; it felt mighty good in my pocket as I rode on down the road for home. I did worry though about what I would do for some more trading horses and where they would come from.

I rode on through Flatonia and got to Muldoon about noon. As usual there was a bunch of men sitting around John Kerr's old rock store. Jim and Louis Robbins, Bob Atkinson, Will Rightmer and a few others were there. My friend Jim Helton was also there.

After all the howdies and handshakes Will Rightmer said, "Joe, it looks like you are in need of some trading stock, or do you intend to quit the horse business?"

I told him I would like to have some horse stock of any kind if I could get them at the right price. He said he had read a piece in the Houston *Post* that morning about a man at Katy, Texas who had 1,800 head, the largest herd of horses in the state, on his ranch near Addicks, Texas. Rightmer said the man was hauling them to New Orleans and selling them to a zoo for $5.00 a head and that their mane and tail hair was bringing as much as the horses were worth.

I asked him the man's name and he said, "Wait a minute and I'll go to the house and get the paper." He lived just across the street and was back right away. The article was only a short piece about the largest herd of horses in Texas and possibly the largest herd in the United States. It did not give the man's first name or an address, just his last name which was Grey.

There was a lot said about it by the people who were gathered around. Some thought it was all a bunch of bull, that there couldn't be that many horses owned by one man in that part of the state. It seemed like the answer to a poor man's dreams, though, if it was true. I didn't believe it myself, but didn't say so.

My old friend Jim Helton fell for it hook, line and sinker, as the saying goes. Now Jim was no horse trader but, as I said, there was no money and no work and people had to eat and live and a man with a family to feed would take a chance on anything.

He called me to one side and asked what I thought of the deal and was I going to do anything about it? I told him I was in need of some work stock and I knew this man Grey did not have 1,800 head of that kind; still, if a man could buy horses at $5.00 a head there was no way he could lose any money — but he might not make any either. I asked Jim how much money he had to put in the deal and he looked me straight in the eye and said, "Joe Cole, that is a hell of a question to ask a

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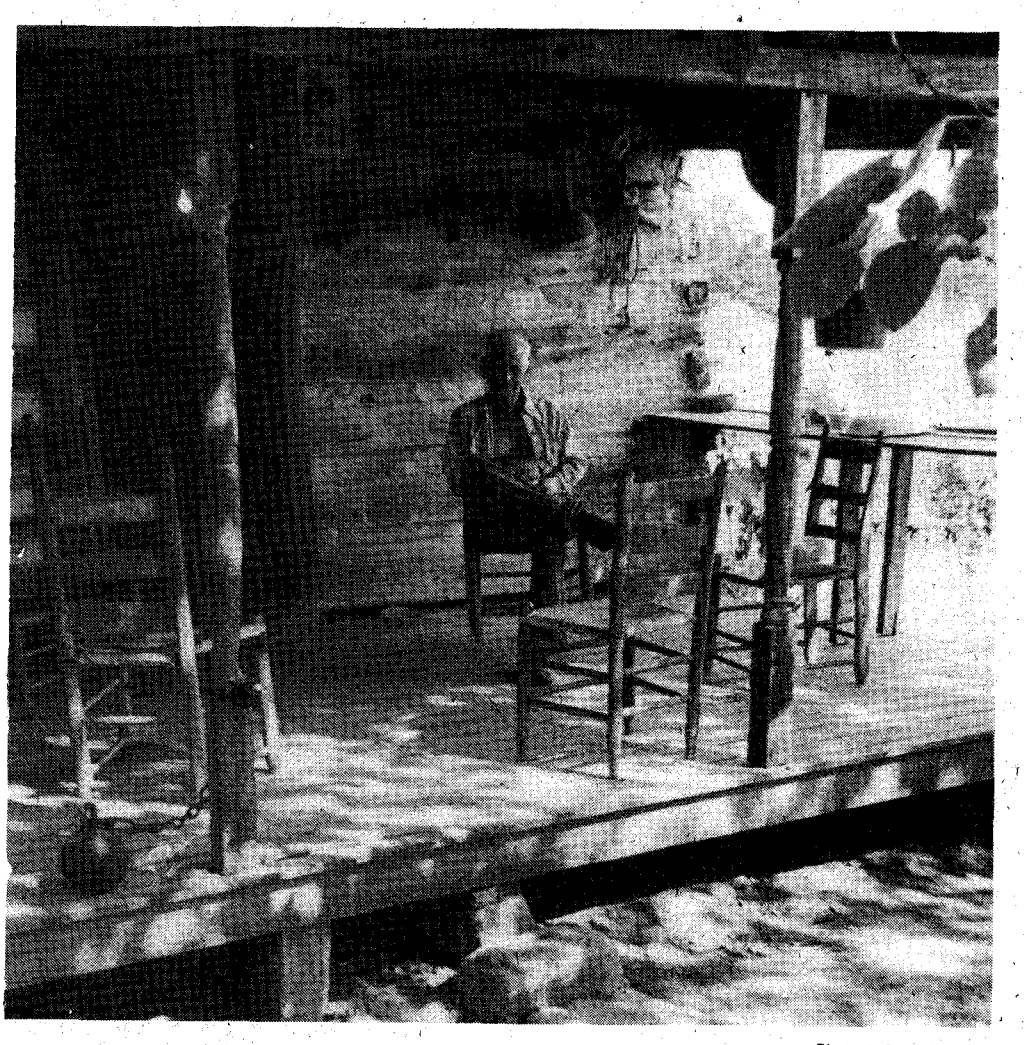

Photo © George Ancona

Joe Cole sitting on the front porch of his log cabin in Smithville, Texas (which is where you will probably find him most any time today).

man, but I will tell you the truth, I got less than $5.00 to my name."

"Well then, how do you go about buying horses with no money?"

He had a quick mind and an answer for just about everything so here is what he had to say. "Well, I've got a '26 Chevrolet car that didn't cost me but $50.00 that I would give for ten head of those horses sight unseen."

I said that I had $50.00 I would give for ten head of those horses myself. He gave me one of those crooked grins he always used and said, "Let's go!"

THIS WAS on a Friday afternoon. Jim said he would buy a tank of gas at Leonard Cherry's garage on credit and Suzie May, his wife, would fix up enough grub to do a week. He would load his saddle and bed roll and be at my house Monday morning to eat breakfast and we would be in Katy, Texas by noon. I said it was a deal, we shook hands, and I got my horses and started for my home at Smithville.

At that time there were five in my family: my wife Bessie, her mother Mrs. Robbins, Collis, Bessie Jo, and Zane. Mrs. Robbins got $12.00 a month old-age pension but it took all of her check and then some for medicine and other things she had to have. She could still get around and help out a little, but was in poor health. Zane, my youngest, was only about three years old.

I had been gone from home about eight days. Bessie and the kids came out to see what I had. Bessie knew from the stock I had brought back that I had a good trip. I told her about the money I had and asked her how much grocery bill we owed. She said it wasn't much, maybe $20.00, but she was in need of a few items and also needed shoes and some things for the kids. I pulled out my billfold and showed her what I had. It was the most money we had had at one time in several years. I gave her $50.00 and told her to try and make it go a long way, that Jim Helton and I were on a deal to look at a bunch of horses Monday and that I had my doubts that it was a good thing to do but I had to give it a try. Bessie never did give me no trouble about my trading. She believed in me and knew I was a fair judge of horses.

Saturday morning we went to town in a wagon. Bessie and the kids paid the grocery bill and bought a few things. When we got home she still had $18.00 left. I knew I didn't have to worry about feeding the family for a while. I also knew that the $100.00 I had would have to put me back in the horse trading business.

Sunday I moved my three head of trading horses onto good grass, chopped some stove wood, and did a few other chores around the place. Mostly I just laid around the house and rested up, for I had a feeling I was going to have a hard trip ahead of me. I knew that Jim didn't have the least idea about what he was getting into and that I would have to be the one to be responsible for just about everything.

I didn't sleep very well Sunday night. I had had a lot of experience with big ranch people; they don't like to waste their time on a little deal. I figured Mr. Grey would be a man who would not be interested in an old model Chevrolet car or that $50.00 in cash. I also figured that all the horses would be unbroke and give a lot of trouble on the road and might be hard to sell for a fair profit at home. In other words, I was plain worried and down in a rut.

I took $45.00 out of my billfold and stuck it in the clock on the mantleboard. I had made up my mind to really rough it on this trip. I counted my money and found I had $55.45 to buy horses with and $5.45 for expenses.

Monday at 5 a.m. here came Jim. Bessie already had breakfast ready for us. I loaded my saddle, bedroll, packsaddle, and a few ropes and hobbles in the Chevrolet. As we started to leave, Jim looked me in the eye and said, "Joe Cole, I want to tell you something. I got just one five-cent piece in my pocket and I brought that along to buy a sack of Bull Durham with. You know I had to leave something with Suzie May and the kids to live on, but I got enough grub to do several days."

I told him a little lie. I told him he had five cents more than I had but to just start the motor and let's be gone.

There were few paved roads and if you made twenty miles per hour you were making pretty good time. We went through Fayetteville, New Ulm, Frelsburg, and crossed the Brazos near San Felipe on a ferry which cost fifty cents. When I paid the ferryman Jim gave me a long look and said, "I never saw you that you couldn't pull some kind of money out of your pocket."

I told him he had forgot the time he broke me in a crap game on the rock

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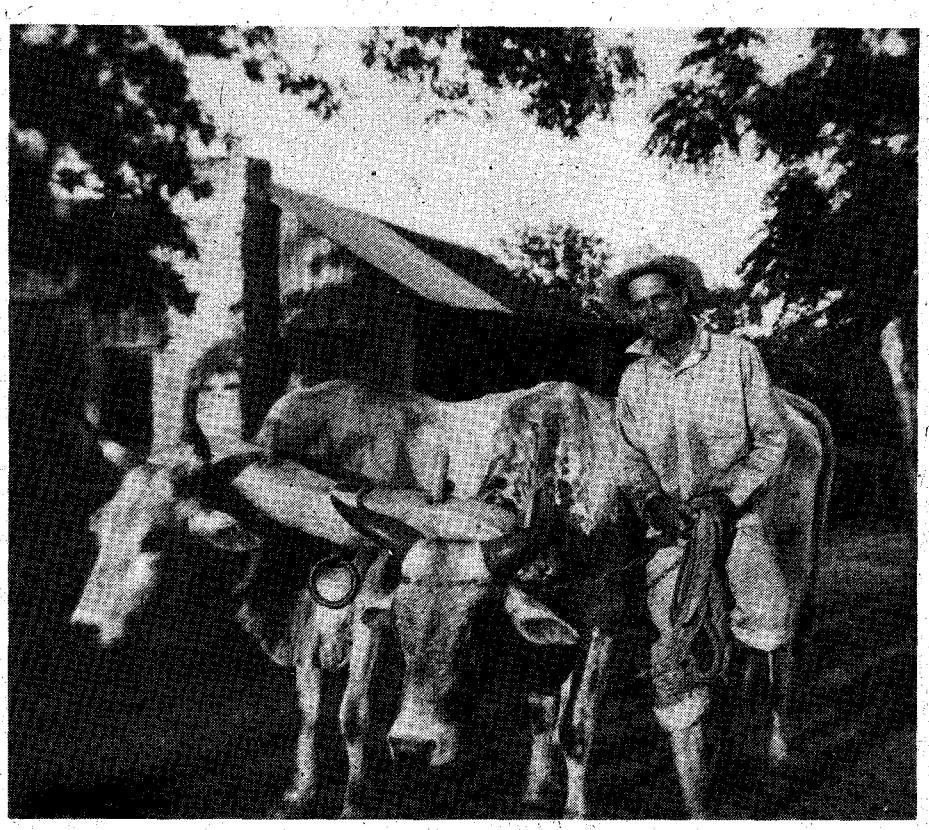

Joe Cole.

quarry at Muldoon before either of us had ever married. He had all my money, my six-shooter, my boots and spurs, and my shirt. On top of all that, the next day was Sunday, my wedding day. The wedding was put off for some time. I think for Bessie's sake it would have been better off if it had been put off for good. She believed in my horse trading but not in my crap shooting.

Two miles from the ferry we struck our first paved road. We were then about twenty miles from Katy. When we drove into Katy we met a man about our age named Jim Rose, and a constable named Queen. Mr. Queen was like all lawmen — he wanted to know where we were from and what we were doing down in that part of the country. He was very nice, carried no gun, but did have a deputy sheriff badge. I told him we were hunting a man named Grey who had some horses to sell. He said Mr. Jim Rose could tell us all we wanted to know, then excused himself and said if there was any way he could be of help to us while we were around Katy to be sure and call on him.

As he started to leave, Mr. Rose said, "Let's all go over to the bar and have a drink." And there is where I heard the first good news of our trip. Jim Rose knew Mr. Grey and Mr. Grey had more horses than anybody in the whole country.

MR. GREY had been a very wealthy man, a cowman and a commission man at the Port City stockyards. He had gone broke in the cattle business and had become tick inspector. He had bought all these horses at the dipping vats, some for as little as a dollar a head. Mr. Grey lived on Heights Boulevard in Houston, and Mr. Rose said he'd call him on the phone and tell him about us.

We all got up and I pulled a dollar bill and paid for the drinks. Jim Helton gave me one of his crunched grins and a very satisfied look. He still had his buffalo nickel in his pocket. (I am sure that if he knew the trouble that buffalo nickel was going to cause him he would have dropped it in one of the brass spittoons and walked out.)

The phone call was thiry-five cents and the drinks forty. Our total expenses so far were $1.25. Mr. Rose came back from calling and said Mr. Grey was in New Orleans but would be back in the morning and that he had left word for him to come out to the ranch when he got back.

Mr. Queen thanked me for the drink and told me for the second time that if he could be of any help to call on him. Little did I expect to ever see him again, but as luck would have it he was back in my life before I left Katy. He became a real friend and was one of the best lawmen I ever met.

Mr. Rose told us that the ranch was at Addicks about ten miles down the road; that we could go on down there and camp and wait for Mr. Grey to come out. We went back to the bar and had another drink — thirty cents more of my expense money.

When we shook hands with Mr. Rose and thanked him for his help, that was the last I ever saw of him. I heard a few years later he was killed while making a Western movie on the Barker Ranch just out of Houston on Buffalo Bayou. Jim Rose and other cowboys were trying to put a bunch of Longhorn cattle in a stream and Jim was drowned. He was a nice looking man about thirty years old and I think he was a real cowhand; anyway, he made me like him and remember him the rest of my life.

Well, Jim Helton and I fired up the old car and drove on down to the ranch. There we met another man who has always stayed in my memory. Bill Roberts was a little Negro man about forty years old. He and his wife lived in a two-room house by the stock pen and windmill. I never saw a Negro in my life who didn't want to be a cowboy or a bronc buster, but very few times did I ever see one that was as good as he talked about being. Bill Roberts had nothing to say about himself, but in my mind I felt he was above the average as a ranch hand.

He did tell me a few things about Mr. Grey that really made me feel good. He said he had worked for Mr. Grey for twenty years and that he was a very easy man to work for. At one time he had been a big cattleman and had lots of cattle and money but the Depression had broke him, and that he was a trading man and had swapped horses for just about anything of value and that he thought we would have no trouble trading the car for horses. Mr. Grey's lease on the ranch would be up in a few months and he wanted to get rid of them.

I think a man who has ever done any trading knows ahead of time when he is going to make a deal. I didn't say anything to Jim about it but I was real pleased with our trip so far.

Bill Roberts' wife cooked up a batch of bisquits and brought them out to where we were camped near the stock pens. We fried some meat, boiled coffee, and made our beds down. The next morning we were up early, made breakfast, and sat around till about 10 o'clock, then here came Mr. Grey. He was not the kind of man I had pictured him to be. He was about sixty years old, six-foot and lean. He wore high-top boots and spurs, and had a saddle and bedroll in his pickup truck. He was one of the old-time cowmen. I always suspectd he was an Englishman because he drank hot tea, no coffee.

Well, we weren't long in getting down to business. We told him we had a Chevrolet car and $50.00 we would give for twenty head of horses if they

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were in good shape and not crippled in any way. He explained that he got $15.00 a head for them if we picked them, but if we took them as they came out of the chute we could have them at $5.00. He also said that when the horses were in the chute he would have to cut their mane and bob their tails.

I didn't like this at all. Nobody but a Dutchman ever bobbed a horse's tail. He said, "Look in that shed there." I looked in and there were at least twenty-five bales of horse hair. He said the mane and tail hair brought him as much as the horse did, that it was used to upholster car seats with, in Detroit, Michigan.

He then asked if we wanted to look at the stock. Bill Roberts had already brought around some saddle horses. We all saddled up and started out on the prairie. We didn't go far before we began to see horses. Most of them were old brood mares but there were a lot of nice young fillies and horses in the bunch. I don't know how many head there were and I don't think Grey knew but there must have been at least 1,000 head.

IT WAS four or five miles to the back of the pasture. When we got to the back fence line we scattered out and started the horses to the stock pens. Before we got to within a half-mile of the pens some of the horses were already there. The dust they stirred up was so thick you couldn't see a hundred yards ahead of yourself.

We penned 150 head in one pen and let the others turn back. There were about thirty-five to forty yearling colts in the pen. I told Mr. Grey if he'd let me have the yearling colts I knew I could sell them, and I'd be back in three weeks to buy a bigger bunch as they came out of the chute.

"Well," he said, "I don't usually sell horses that way, but if you think you can handle them I'm going to let you have them."

I think one reason he let me have them is that they didn't sell good to the zoo in New Orleans and he wanted to get them off the mares before a frost came.

There was one nice buckskin filly in the bunch. She was a two-year-old with black mane that came to the point of her shoulder, and her foretop came to the tip of her nose. I walked by Bill Roberts and told him I sure did want that dun filly. Bill had taken a liking to me; I had given him a spare lariat rope of mine. He wouldn't take any pay for the bisquits his wife had cooked up for us and he had been a lot of help to me telling all he did about Mr. Grey.

When I said what I did about the filly, he just gave me a grin and said, "She go down the chute."

This chute had a swing gate that worked with a lever. You stood on a platform up on top and as a horse came down the chute you pulled the lever and swung the gate the way you wanted the horse to go. I got up there as quick as I could for I knew Bill Roberts was going to put that dun filly in the chute.

I had cut out about fifteen head of yearlings and it looked like the dun filly was not coming. I looked down the chute and there she was behind about ten or twelve other horses. I had to cut two more colts in the lot before the dun filly came up. When she did get to the gate I let her in as if she was a yearling colt. I looked over to where Mr. Grey was standing and he acted like it was all right so I cut two more colts in the bunch, which made the twenty head, and I got down off the chute as quick as I could, walked over to Mr. Grey, and paid him the $50.00. He never did mention the dun filly.

It was now about 3 p.m. and I was as hungry as a wolf. We went over to the fire and fixed coffee and had a little to eat. Neither one of us had given any thought to what we were going to ride to drive these horses home. So there we were with twenty head of colts. A man by the name of Fred Brown came by and said he had a nice little gray mare he would take $15 for. And Bill Roberts said he had a pony he'd take $15 for. But Jim and I were without money except for a little over $3.00 I had in my pockets, and Jim's buffalo nickel.

I asked Mr. Grey if he would take a postdated check for $30.00. I told him I had the money at home but it was not in the bank and he would have to wait until I got home to deposit the money. He said he would, and gave Mr. Brown his $15 and Bill his $15, and took my check for $30.

We still didn't have a packhorse so I told Jim we would tie our blankets and what groceries we had on our saddles, and put the pack saddle on one of the bigger colts.

IT SEEMED Mr. Grey was getting in a hurry to get rid of us. He said we had time to make the Katy stock pen if we would hurry. Jim saddled the little black pony that I had bought from Bill Roberts and I saddled the grey mare. I roped a bay stud colt and we eared him down and put the pack saddle on him. We turned him loose and he did a little dido out through the lot. The most damage he did was to scare the other colts but in a few minutes they all quieted down. It was 4 p.m. by then and we still had ten miles to go. We turned then out onto the Katy road.

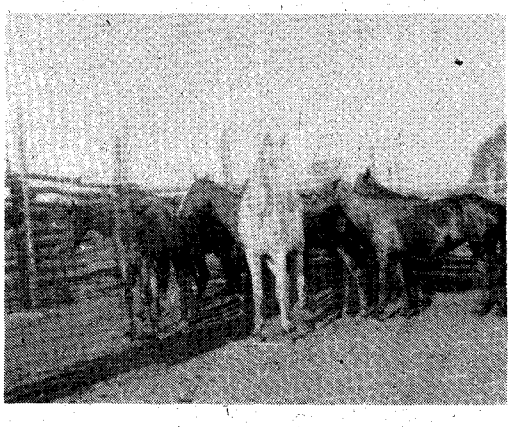
There were very few cars in those days and as a rule when you were driving stock on the road and met a car, the driver would stop and let you drive by him. Mr. Grey and Bill were in the lead, Jim and myself were driving the colts.

Up till now Jim had had very little to say about our deal. I had done all the trading and all the cutting out of horse stock. Right now they were "our" colts, though we did intend to divide them up, maybe after we got home. But Jim couldn't keep his eyes off the dun filly, he wanted her as bad as I did.

Jim and me were the best of friends — never been in a fuss in our whole lives. I would have given him the dun filly before I would lose his friendship, but as we rode along I told him I was going to take her. He looked at me with one of his crooked grins and said if I did it would be after I whipped him. I then told Jim we would pitch heads or tails to see who got her. He rode along awhile and then he said okay, but the losing man would get to pick the next two colts.

I said, "Well, if you're feeling lucky just get your buffalo out of your pocket and I'll call it."

He pulled the buffalo out, blew his breath on it, said a little ditty, and laid it on his wrist. I called it tails. He raised his hand and it was tails. He gave me a look in the eye but this time there was no grin. He made a motion like he was going to throw that buffalo nickel at me, then put it back in his pocket and started his horse after the bunch of colts. Before our trip was over I think he wished he had thrown that nickel away because it was going to cause him more trouble before we got home.



Joe Cole's horses

Just as we started off, we looked up the road and what we saw coming made both of us forget that dun filly. It was a black car making about forty. Mr. Grey and Bill were waving their hats trying to slow the driver down or, better yet, stop him. It was still broad daylight, maybe 5 p.m., and you could see for a mile.

The colts seemed to know that some-

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thing terrible was going to happen to them and they bunched up in a tight wad in the middle of the road. The black car was on us before anything could be done. Why that man didn't slow down or stop we never knew. He hit that bunch of colts at full speed.

I was on the left side of the road; here came a colt flying through the air and hit the little grey mare on the left shoulder, knocking her down. Then the colt fell on top of us. It was my little dun filly. With a little scrambling around they both got up. The filly seemed to be all right, just staggered around a little and walked off. One colt was under the car with both front legs broke, but still alive. There was one dead colt, and two more still alive with broken legs.

I guess Jim didn't feel too good about having lost the dun filly to me, and he was quick tempered anyway. When he saw what had happened he just went ape crazy. There was a white man and a Negro in the car. The car was pretty well banged up. The radiator was shoved into the fan and was spewing water. Jim jumped off his horse, ran over, and was cussing the man and threatening to kill him. The Negro bailed out and down the road he ran toward Houston.

Mr. Grey and Bill Roberts turned their horses and rode back to where we were. Mr. Grey was older than we were and should have used better judgment, but he was worse than Jim. He gave a good cussing lesson that I think the man in the black car will never forget.

There was an old two-story house across the road from where we were. A young man named John Crowder came over from the house and the man in the black car went back to the house with him to call the law. John Crowder came back but the man from the car stayed until the law arrived.

In about forty minutes a big car drove up with a large man and the Negro who had run off. I first thought it was the law, and Mr. Grey and Jim went over to talk to him, but he turned out to be a contractor and the boss of the man who had killed the horses. He said a few smart aleck words like why the hell we didn't get the horses out of the road and a few other things we should have done.

This smart talk got Jim Helton started again. The man was in the car and had his hand out shaking his finger at Jim and Mr. Grey. Jim grabbed him by the hand and was hitting him through the window. I ran over and grabbed hold of Jim. He turned and shoved me back and I fell in the bar ditch. I thought, "To hell with them, let them fight," but just then up came the law.

It was our friend Mr. Queen. The cussing and fighting stopped. He looked things over and said we would have to get the horses and car off the road. The injured colts had to be shot but Mr. Queen didn't have a gun. He was about to go get one when Jim said, "Here's mine."

Mr. Queen looked at him and said, "You kill them."

Jim shot the horses and put the gun back in his bedroll, which was the only smart thing he had done that day.

JOHN CROWDER said we could put the horses in his pasture The contractor went back to Houston and filed four charges against me: one was for the pistol, one for blocking a state highway, one for fighting, and one for abusive language. We all went back to Houston and Mr. Grey went my bond. Mr. Queen had gotten our names mixed up; he thought Jim was Joe Cole and that I was Jim Helton.

The trial came up in three days in Judge Campbell Overstreet's justice of the peace court. You could demand a jury trial or let him decide the case. I knew I had the case beat because I had plenty of witnesses that I had done nothing. I won't write here what I felt or thought about the old judge, only to say that he was "law west of the Pecos" type.

He read all the charges against me and asked how I pleaded. I said," Not guilty, Judge."

From the way he looked and yelled at me I thought he didn't understand me so I said, "Not guilty," again. This time I really got told. From the way he carried on, you would think he never had heard a not-guilty plea before. There was a shuffling in the back of the courtroom. Mr. Queen and Mr. Grey came up, both saying, "Your Honor, let me say a few words." I also saw Jim Helton going out a side door. Mr. Grey and Mr. Queen explained to the judge it was not me, it was the other fellow; there had been a mistake in the names.

Old Judge Overstreet yelled, "Bring up the right man." I looked out of the three-story window and saw Jim Helton trotting down the sidewalk. They sent a man after him but the man didn't bring Jim back.

Mr. Queen and Mr. Grey stood there and heard me tell some of the biggest lies I ever told in my life. I told the judge I didn't know Jim's last name or where he was from, that I had hired him to help with the horses. The old judge really let me have it about riding around over the country with a man, eating and sleeping with him, and not knowing his last name. I am sure he knew I was lying but it wasn't worth his time to bother with it so we were excused.

"These were advanced pirates. They used deficit financing."

When we got out of the courtroom Mr. Queen said, "I thought you were never going to quit lying to that judge." That was the last time I ever saw Mr. Queen.

The next morning Mr. Grey carried me out to where we had left the horses. John Crowder said that he had helped Jim get through Katy with the horses the afternoon before, and that Jim was somewhere between Katy and the Brazos River. We caught up with him about eight miles out of Katy. I thanked Mr. Grey for all he had done for us and told him I'd be back for some more horses in thirty days.

I looked the stock over and my dun filly was not in the bunch. Jim said that he had looked the pasture over and he was sure she was not there.

Just a few words about the Crowder boys. There were four of them: Steve, Sid, H.B., and John. Steve and Sid were in the Huntsville pen for robbing the State Bank in Houston, and H.B. was in the pen for cow theft. John Crowder had been very nice to us and had charged us nothing for pasturing the horses or for his help, but I had much rather have had him present me with a bill for $25.00 than to have him get my little dun filly. I have no proof that he did take her, but I will always believe he did.

Well, we were finally on our way home. Jim still had his buffalo nickel; I had five cents over $2; and we had enough grub left to cook two meals. We drove the horses through Brookshire which is about seven miles east of the Brazos River. Two miles out of Brookshire the pavement ended, and recent rains had caused the road to become very muddy and sticky. Just as the pavement ended we were overtaken by a county police car with two officers in it. My first thought was, "Here I will lose Jim." I figured they had come to take him back for trial in Houston. The two officers called us back and told us that if the four dead horses in the road weren't moved by sundown they would file a complaint on us, then they drove off.

It was a sure thing that something had to be done about those dead horses. This was the fourth day since the accident and it was a wonder that we got out of it that easy.

Now there was the question of who would make that thirty-mile trip back, move the dead horses, and how? Jim was putting up a pretty good argument why I should be the one to go

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back. His argument went on for a good long while and we were wasting some valuable time so I said to him, "Get out your buffalo nickel and we will flip to see who goes back."

He flipped the nickel up and I called it tails in the air. It fell tails.

Jim turned to ride off and I picked up the nickel and tried to give it to him. He said to keep it and go to hell with it. Then he asked how he was to move the horses when he had no money to hire a team to drag them with. I asked him if he had a pocket knife. His answer was yes.

I told him, "Take your knife and cut them up and throw them over the fence and hurry back." He rode away talking to himself about how tight I was with my money and how I always got the best of everything.

AFTER Jim rode off, I drove the horses on to the Brazos River and crossed the ferry near San Felipe. The ferry ride cost me 10¢ a head for the sixteen horses and myself which left me with about 45¢ in my pocket.

When I crossed the river there was a narrow lane about two miles long so I just let the horses graze down the lane as I had no place to hold them. I rode around the horses up close to San Felipe and made camp about 5 o'clock. Jim got back about 10 o'clock, still grumbling to himself. I played like I was sound asleep.

At daylight I had coffee and bacon ready. The only talk we made was me asking him how he got across the river as I knew the ferryman had gone home. He said the ferry was on his side so he just rode his horse onto it and pulled himself across. After eating we saddled up and drove the horses on through San Felipe to Frelsburg. This is the old Gotier Trace road from Frelsburg to Fayetteville.

At Frelsburg I traded one of my ponies to a horse trader for a very skittish little bob-tailed mule and drew $5 to boot. We used this animal for a pack animal. At Fayetteville we ate our first meal in a cafe since leaving home. I also drew $3 from Oscar Frenzill on a trade for a gentle horse. That night we made camp just out of the city of La Grange. After we went to bed I knew Jim was feeling better towards me. We had had very little to say to each other from the Brazos River to La Grange. We were lying in bed and Jim said, "Joe Cole, I know two women who sure would like to be here with us." I laid there a few minutes thinking who it could be and finally I asked him who they were. He said, "Our wives, Miss Bessie and Suzie May," then he turned over and went to sleep. I think he was wrong about it. We had been gone nine days, had had no bath or shave or clean clothes, so I think he was wrong about the two women.

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The next day we got to Muldoon about 3 o'clock. We penned the horses in the old dipping vat pen at the gin lot. There we divided the sixteen head of ponies. I got the little bob-tailed mule, the horse from Fayetteville, and six colts. I also had the little gray mare I rode and the black pony Jim had rode. There was $6, so Jim took $3 and I took $3.

Jim was mighty glad to get home, and Suzie May and the kids were mighty glad to see him. He had gotten in a good mood with me and was very pleased with the horses and the trip, but it was several years before I dared ask him how he got the dead horses out of the road. It was the same answer he had given me before, "I did it your way, with a pocket knife, and just threw them over the fence."

Jim Helton was one of my best friends. We didn't always agree on everything but I will say we never had a fuss in our lifetime. He was quick-tempered and was scared of no man, but he was honest and when he told you something you could believe him. He always met me with that crooked grin on his face and a handshake. Anyway, Jim was my friend. This was his first horse-trading trip and his last. Twenty years later he still had horses that he had raised from Mr. Grey's stock.

The next day I drove my horses on home. Bessie and the kids came out to see what I had. I was glad to get home and I also knew I had made things look mighty good. That same week I sold one of my best ponies to Ernest Slack for $25 and the little gray mare to Will Davis for $25. In less than ten days I had sold and traded all of the colts and was ready to go back to Katy for another bunch. I don't remember just how many trips I made to see Mr. Grey but I can remember at least five. Each time I bought twenty-five to thirty-five head.

Those years are the ones I would like most of all to relive. God had blessed me with good health. I was tough as rawhide, you might say. I had crawled out of the cradle onto a saddle, and a hundred-mile horseback ride was no more tiring than a walk to the breakfast table now. I could bed down on a wet saddle blanket and be asleep by the time I stretched out.

My good lifetime friend Jim Helton has gone on to a better home, I believe, because he made a great change for the better in later life. The year before he died, he was asked in the presence of a preacher if it was so that he had cut up those horses with a pocket knife. He said no, that he had promised a man $5 to pull them out of the road. He was then asked if he had ever paid the man. He said, "I still owe him $5."

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

ATTENTION

We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher, whose address is usually given in parentheses directly following the title of the book. Checks must be made payable to the publisher, not to us.

WESTERN ART

The Western Illustrations of Al Martin Napoletano by Al M. Napoletano (copies may be ordered from the artist, P.O. Box 512, Novato, Calif. 94948, 110 pages, $7.00 heavy wrapper, 11 x 8½ inches).

There may be a few readers of *True West, Old West,* and *Frontier Times* who do not recognize the name Al Martin Napoletano. But anyone who has admired the illustrations that appear regularly with articles in these magazines will recognize Mr. Napoletano's art. In fact, this nicely produced book contains illustrations that have appeared in the magazines since the early 1950s.

The introduction to the book is written by none other than Joe Small, who points out that each illustration in the collection is "connected in some way with the lives of real people, real places, real happenings."

When Mr. Napoletano sent along a review copy, he also included a 23-page booklet titled *Western Quiz.* The work includes many illustrations by the artist along with questions concerning the subjects of the illustrations. And there is space to write in the answers. (The answers are included at the end of the booklet.) Anyone ordering his book, he noted, will also receive a complimentary copy of his *Western Quiz* book.

Mr. Napoletano is a fine artist. He captures the flavor of the Old West, and his action drawings convey the feeling of movement, something many artists often fail to accomplish. Both books are highly recommended.

FRANK NASH, BADMAN

Heritage of An Outlaw by Clyde C. Callahan and Byron B. Jones (Schoonmaker Publishers, Hobart, Okla., copies may be ordered from Clyde C. Callahan, P.O. Box 182, Hobart, Okla. 73651, 272 pages, $22.50 hardcover, 8½ x 11 inches).

This is the story of Frank Nash, described by Clyde Callahan as "perhaps the most successful bank robber in history." It is the first full-length book devoted to Nash.

Although the book centers on Nash, the authors provide much background on early Western outlaws including Jesse James and the Daltons in the late 19th century to Pretty Boy Floyd, Al Spencer, Bonnie and Clyde and other early 20th century criminals.

As for Frank Nash, the authors tell his story from his birth in Birdseye, Indiana, on February 6, 1887 to his death in the Kansas City Union Station Massacre on June 17, 1933.

Students of Western outlaw history will find special interest in a chronology of events concerning outlaws in the back of the book. It lists events by date relating to many outlaws, including Nash.

The book is illustrated with numerous photographs, diagrams, photo copies of documents, and other pictorial material. Recommended to students of Western outlaw history.

GUNS AND GUNMEN

Famous Guns and Gunners by George E. Virgines (Leather Stocking Books, c/o Pine Mountain Press, Box 19746, West Allis, Wis. 53219, 113 pages, $12.95 hardcover, $6.95 paperback, 8½ x 11 inches).

Gun collectors and students of Western gunfighter history will find a wealth of information in this gun-oriented book. The author has divided his work into two parts. The first looks at guns and gunmen in the Old West. He includes material on Cole Younger, the Daltons, and Pancho Villa. He also looks at lawmen who used their guns — Fred Lambert, cinder dicks, Bill Tilghman and shotgun guards on stage coaches.

The second part of the book is devoted to guns and the "gunners" who sold the West and the Western myth to the public. Men such as Buffalo Bill, Jack Hoxie, Tom Mix, Colonel Tim McCoy and the Wild West Shows are included.

The appendices include a lengthy list of where readers may see the actual guns used by Cole Younger, the Daltons, and others mentioned in the text. Most of these weapons are in museums. And there is an appendix on the Colt's "Sheriff's Model," another appendix on the Buntline Specials, and an appendix on the restoration of a 101 Colt. A bibliography is included. There is no index.

JOHN SELMAN, GUNMAN

John Selman, Gunfighter by Leon Claire Metz (University of Oklahoma, 1005 Asp Ave., Norman, Okla. 73019, 254 pages, $9.95 hardcover, 5½ x 8½ inches).

This is a reprint edition of a book that first appeared in 1966. It is a biography of John Selman, who was both an outlaw and lawman in the late 19th century.

Selman was born in Arkansas (1839) and lived there until his family moved to Texas in 1858. When his father died, Selman became head of the family. Late in 1861 he joined the Confederate Army but deserted in 1863. He fled to Fort Davis, Texas where he enlisted in the Texas State Militia. After the war he lived in New Mexico for a time and then returned to Texas.

At Fort Griffin, Texas he was partly responsible for the lynching of more than twenty men. Later, in New Mexico, he was active in the Lincoln County War. In 1880 he was arrested and spent time in prison. After he was released he became a deputy sheriff and constable in El Paso. There he killed at least one man and became an enemy of John Wesley Hardin, another Texas outlaw. And Selman killed other men before he was shot down in April of 1896, a year after Hardin was killed.

Metz tells the story of Selman's life in nineteen chapters plus an epilogue. Notes, bibliography, and index are included along with many historic photographs and a map. Recommended.

THOMAS MORAN

Thomas Moran: Watercolors of the American West by Carol Clark (published for the Amon Carter Museum of Western Art by the University of Texas Press, Austin, Tex. 78712, $25.00 hardcover, 8½ x 11 inches).

This is a biography of Thomas Moran, an artist of the Old West. Moran was born in England in 1837. He came to America with his parents and apprenticed to a wood engraver in Philadelphia. Later he went to Europe to study painting. He returned to the United States in 1870. The following year he made his first trip into the

(Continued on page 59)

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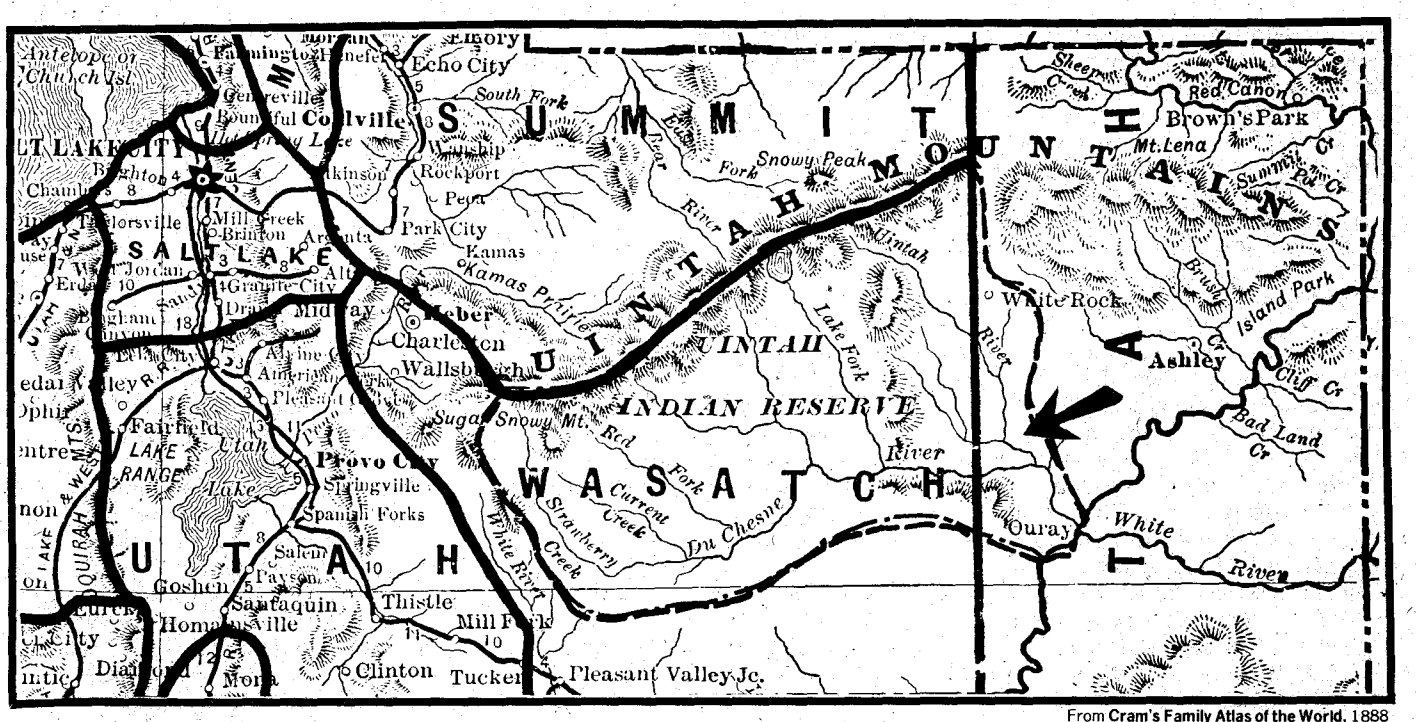

From Cram's Family Atlas of the World, 1888

The arrow in the 1888 Utah map above shows the approximate location of a notorious settlement known as "The Strip." It was a great haven for law-breakers.

UTAH'S LAWLESS MINING TOWNS

When in doubt, blame it on booze...

By MABEL HARMER

DURING the nineteenth century the citizens of the capital city of Utah strove mightily to live up to its reputation of being "The City of the Saints." Law and order were strictly observed in most cases and the only people seen out on the streets on a Sabbath were going to or from church. No shops were open and very few recreational facilities competed for patronage. Many other towns followed the same pattern.

But, oh, what a difference in the mining camps! In most of them there was an almost complete lack of law enforcement. Brawls, muggings and murders occurred unchecked, and the cemeteries were filled with men who never knew old age.

One of the most notorious of these settlements had no real name, but was known merely as "The Strip." It was located about three miles east of Fort Duchesne, near the present town of Gusher. Shanties were clustered beside the main wagon road that wound over the crooked, dusty miles across the Uintah Basin in northeastern Utah.

The land was in Ute Indian territory and was used mainly for grazing sheep. That is, until Uintaite (better known by the trademark Gilsonite) was discovered running through the sandrock. Gilsonite is a rare black asphalt used in the manufacture of the finest paints, lacquers and varnishes. Adolphus Busch of the Anheuser-Busch Brewing company discovered that it also provided excellent sealing material for beer barrels.

Now the Utes neither manufactured paints, lacquers and varnishes, nor were they at all interested in sealing beer barrels. So why should they have access to this valuable product? All it took was an act of Congress, backed by the powerful interests of those who could put it to use, to get the mining rights away from the Indians. A triangular piece of land of some 700 acres was carved out of the reservation and the first Gilsonite mine in the world was put into operation.

Now came the problem which created The Strip with all its evils. Who was entitled to enforce the law? Nobody. The land still lay within the borders of the Indian reservation, so the territorial government had no authority to throw evil-doers in the jug — had there been a jug. Peace officers of Uintah County had the same problems. That left the Indian agencies at White Rocks and Ouray. But they had no jurisdiction except in Indian country. The end result, because of its peculiar location, was to make The Strip completely lawless and a great haven for law-breakers.

Business flourished. There was a hotel, dance hall, telegraph office, blacksmith shop, barber shop and general store. Oddly enough, there were only two saloons but they were open night and day. Naturally people of every type frequented The Strip. In addition to gamblers, cowboys, Indians, sheepherders, freighters, and prostitutes, casual travelers often paused there for a day or two for business or pleasure.

All of the better known and most feared members of the "Wild Bunch" came sooner or later — Butch Cassidy, Elza Lay, and Harry Longbaugh. Dave Lant and Matt Warner dropped in, too. Here they could drink, gamble, and hold shooting matches with impunity. It was only coming and going that they had to make their moves out of sight of the law.

One of the most "respected" visitors

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was the Ute, Tabby Weep. He had the reputation of being the fastest and deadliest man with a gun in that part of the West. Even the boldest members of the Wild Bunch made it their business to keep out of range of his Colt .44. One day the Indian shot it out with three opponents in front of a saloon and left them all lying in the dust. He was hit three times but walked away to shoot it out another day.

A Negro soldier named Carter from Fort Duchesne, killed Jack Thomas one night in a saloon brawl. The next morning he was found dead in the road. His assailant was never discovered but since Thomas was known to be a friend to the Wild Bunch it didn't take too much figuring to decide who had fired the fatal shot.

In spite of frequent deaths by means of knife or gun, only sixteen were ever recorded. It is said that was because only Indians or soldiers merited official investigation.

ALTHOUGH the patrons of the saloons were mainly responsible for increasing the population of the "Boots On" cemetery, mine explosions also added to the toll. In one of these there was a lone survivor, and he had the temerity to go back to work in another mine.

To have the worst reputation among Utah's boom and bust mining towns took some doing but it was achieved by Frisco in its heyday. In 1885 its 6000 people included 4000 miners, a few families, merchants, dance hall girls, and outlaws. Frisco was located fifteen miles west of Milford, a desert railroad center in Beaver County.

The mines yielded galena, a lead ore, and for a time the owners took out 25,000 tons worth $100 a ton. It was discovered by a pair of miners who were out prospecting and who sold their claim for $25,000. One mine eventually yielded a profit of three and a half million dollars.

A dance hall and some twenty-three saloons offered every gambling device available, in addition to liquor. After a trip to one of the saloons on payday there were always new graves to be dug. There was a rule, however, that "ladies of the night" were not to enter the town dance hall, and seldom did anyone try.

The Chinese who drifted to Frisco after working to build the Union Pacific railroad, did not take to mining but opened stores and laundries. They wore black coats, and their hair hung in long queues. They were very much afraid of the white workers and usually carried long knives. The workers, in a mean jest, would sometimes cut off the queue if their victim was encountered after dark. The Chinese considered this a great disgrace and some would even take their lives rather than face their countrymen minus the queue.

A Chinese funeral was a colorful event and called for a procession to the cemetery complete with music and the scattering of paper prayers to help the departed on his way to celestial glory. The mourners left roast pork, choice fruits, and other fine foods heaped on the grave. After the mourners had left, small boys very much alive helped consume the food, and occasionally had help from their elders.

The remains of all Chinese buried in the local cemetery were later removed and shipped to China.

THE MOST prosperous mining town of Utah in the 19th century was Alta, now a world-famous ski resort. The rich silver mines — the Emma, Prince of Wales, South Star and others — brought great activity to the canyon between 1865 and 1880. Alta's population of 5,000 was served by a newspaper, more than 100 business buildings including several breweries, and some 30 saloons.

There was an almost daily parade from one or another of the saloons to the cemetery. Only a few of the deceased were honored by having headstones. Many deaths were accidental since it was a mining town, but the majority of the graveyard tenants were carried there as the result of barroom brawls and grudge fights.

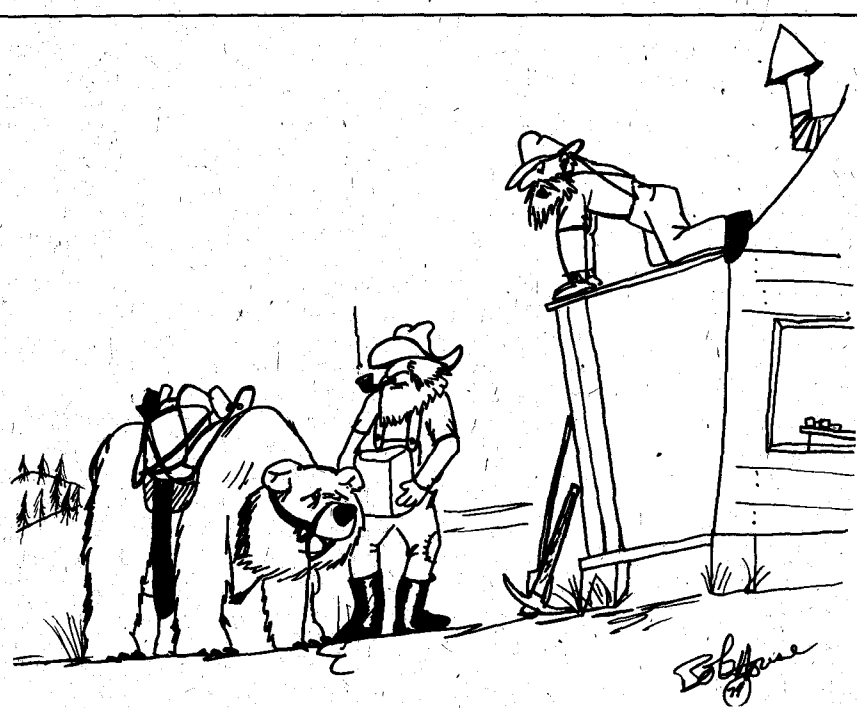
That was why, when a black-cloaked stranger came into Alta offering to resurrect the dead for a nominal sum, there was incredulity followed by downright refusal. Even after he had proved his prowess by bringing a dead (?) cat to life, the answer was, "No, thanks." Very few men cared to have old enemies return to their midst. The gun play might be reversed the second time around. So the stranger, according to legend, was paid not to raise the dead!

It was neither knife nor bullet that finally devastated Alta, Utah. The winter of 1885 triggered some tremendous snowslides that destroyed many of the buildings and started a fire that finished off the remaining structures.

The town of Bingham Canyon southwest of Salt Lake City, on the opposite side of the valley, enjoyed prosperity from 1870 until late in the 1960s. By that time the huge open-pit copper mine had encroached upon the community until the residents were forced to move to the valley below.

At the turn of the century some 15,000 people made their homes along the narrow winding street that led through the canyon walls to the mines above. There was always an abundance of saloons up and down the street, known by such picturesque names as the Phoenix, Old Crow and the 16-1. The bars were open 24 hours a day with drinking and gambling followed by the inevitable brawls. Women were never allowed inside. If an errant husband had to be picked up, some male friend went inside to drag him out.

The bars were anything but "friendly taverns." One man, slumped near the entrance, was finally noticed by a woman friend. "Joe," she said,



"Next time you get the pack-mule wear yer specs."

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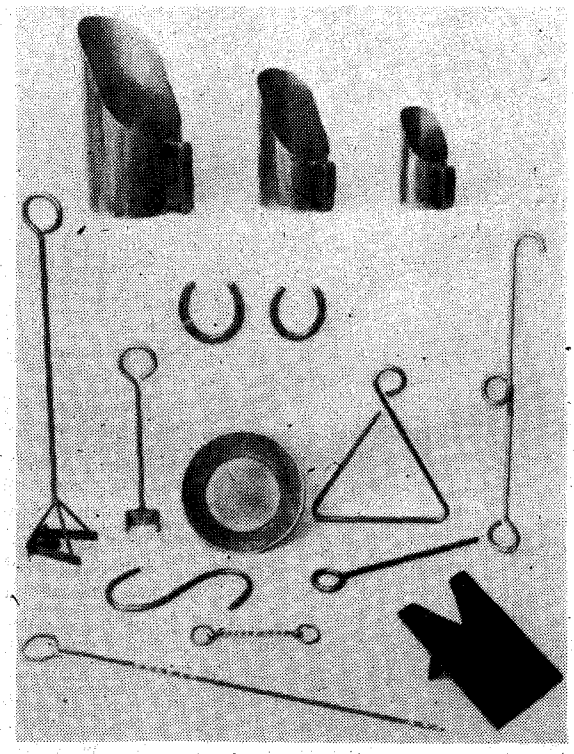
The American West Collection

This collection of Western Americana includes selected articles representative of various segments of nineteenth century western life. These reproductions have been recreated to not only duplicate the original objects, but in many instances, the original techniques of construction were used to ensure authenticity. We have built into this collection the rugged character that was present in the men and women that used these articles. Each item has been individually handcrafted of steel then copper plated with a rustic but contemporary finish. Included with each article is a brief history of the item.

In this collection, we have not only introduced quality reproductions representative of the early western life, but we have captured the rugged individuality of the men and women who lived and worked in our American West.



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"you best go on home. No need sitting there and catching a bad cold." When there was no response, she went over and shook him. He fell over stone dead. Someone had knifed him.

The most famous of the crimes committed in Bingham was triggered when a Mexican youth, Raphael Lopez, shot a fellow Mexican with whom he had had a long-standing grudge. Lopez escaped to the valley and when a posse came in pursuit, shot three more men. He then made his way back to the mine and shot two more as they were bringing hay to the entrance in an effort to smoke him out.

The fire smoked away for three days and it was believed he must have died in the mine. But when the searchers entered, no Lopez was found, living or dead. No one ever knew just how he made his escape.

The only beneficiary of the Lopez rampage was Joe Berger who had recently opened an undertaking establishment. By way of promotion he staged a unique farewell for one of the victims. Berger dressed the man in a black suit with a gold watch chain across the vest, put a cigar in his mouth and a plug hat on his head. He stood the departed up in the rear of his funeral home and charged admission to all who came to pay their last respects. Joe took in enough money to pay for flowers, in addition to providing a decent burial — minus the borrowed finery.

Snowslides, mudslides and fire took a devastating toll of life in the canyon and helped fill the cemetery. As one writer aptly said, "Nothing ever happened in Bingham except a major disaster." In one slide alone, thirty-nine lives were lost. Unlike Alta, however, Bingham survived fire, flood and slide until the mine itself took over and forced everyone out — except the inhabitants of the cemetery.

The coal mines of Carbon County provided the setting for a different variety of chicanery. To be sure there was the usual number of mining-town saloons with the attendant number of brawls. But it was the Wild Bunch gang, headed by Butch Cassidy, that handled the really big deals, such as payroll and bank robberies. They had an ideal hide-out in the nearby, almost inaccessible Robber's Roost and always a relay of fresh horses stationed at ten mile distances for quick getaways.

But that was long ago — back in the 1890s. Along with the rest of the state, Carbon County has long been "dry." The only violence now from the "demon rum" is its more modern method of cutting down the population. The drunken driver on the highways accounts for more than fifty percent of the fatalities. In spite of law enforcement, lowered speed rates and no saloons, the carnage goes on. The sad part is that now the victims are usually innocent. In the old days there were often two or more in a brawl and each had an equal chance.

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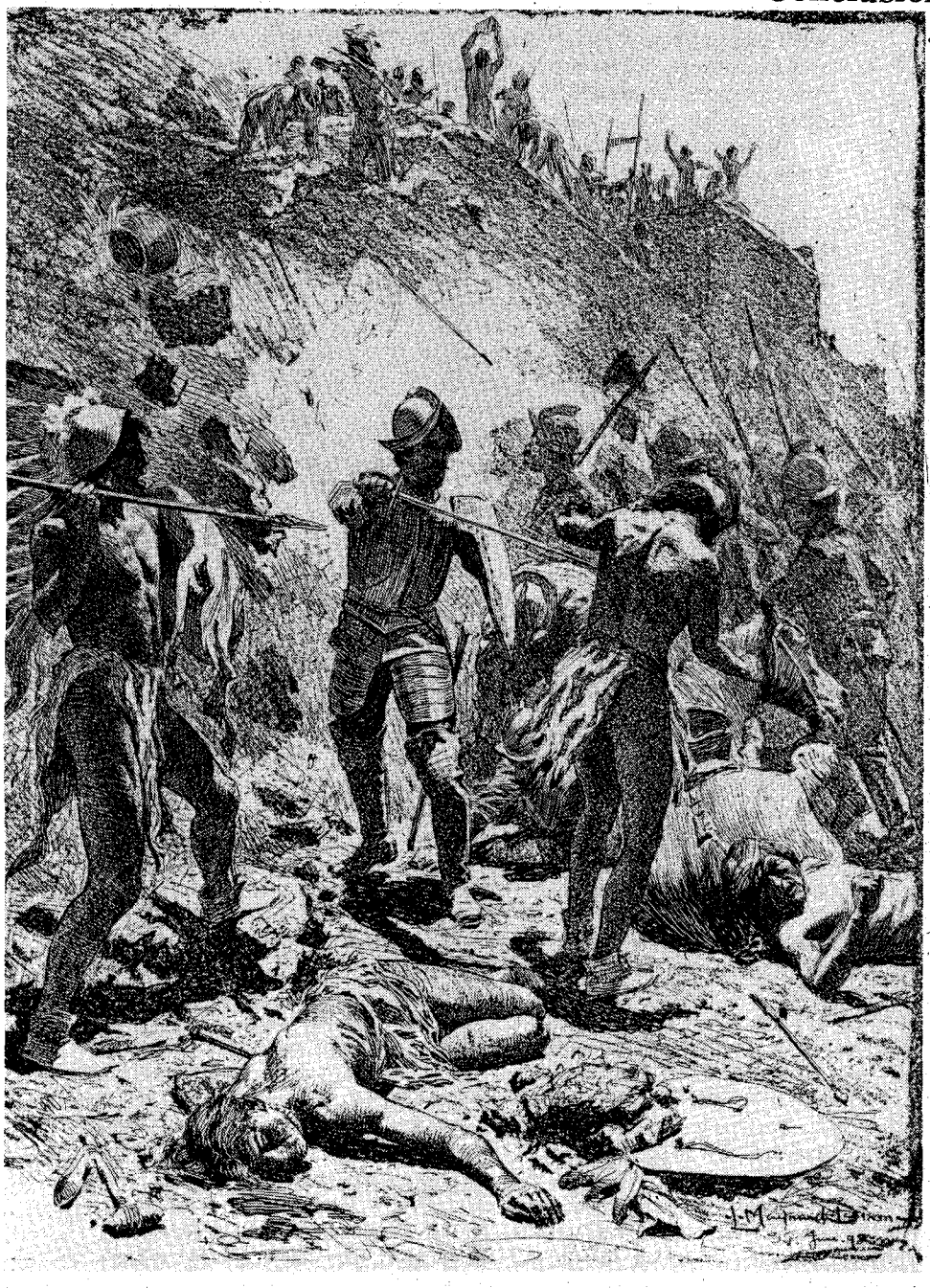
THE SAGA OF THREE LIEUTENANTS

--Death at Hawikuh

Conclusion

By JOHN UPTON TERRELL

PART III



The fight at Zuni. Drawn by L. Maynard Dixon.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: This story is about three Lieutenants who served their commanders with great distinction but who have not been accorded in history the recognition and honors they deserve.

After making the first crossing of North America north of central Mexico with Cabeza de Vaca, the Negro Moor Estevanico in 1539 opened the southwestern portal to the vast region that would become the western United States. He was the first man of the Old World to pass through Arizona, reach New Mexico, and see some of the remarkable Indian pueblos. His exploration was completed a year before the Coronado Army arrived in the same region.

In the late fall of 1539, conducting an investigation for the Viceroy of Mexico, the veteran frontiersman Captain Melchior Diaz led a small company of Cavalry and Indians north from Culiacan to the Penaleno Mountains of Arizona. The sounds of their horses' hoofs on the earth were the first to be heard in western North America. The importance of the event cannot be too highly estimated.

A year later, searching for supply ships of the Coronado Expedition, Diaz traveled through totally unexplored country, the desert of northern Sonora and southern Arizona, to the delta of the Rio Colorado. After learning from Indians that the flotilla had sailed back to Mexico, Diaz and his party crossed the river near the mouth of the Rio Gila and rode through the sandy ranges of southeastern California, the first expedition to enter this region.

But Diaz was not the discoverer of Alta California. That distinction must go to the naval officer, Captain Hernando de Alarcon, whom Diaz had hoped to meet.

His ships blocked by shoals and currents at the mouth of the great river,

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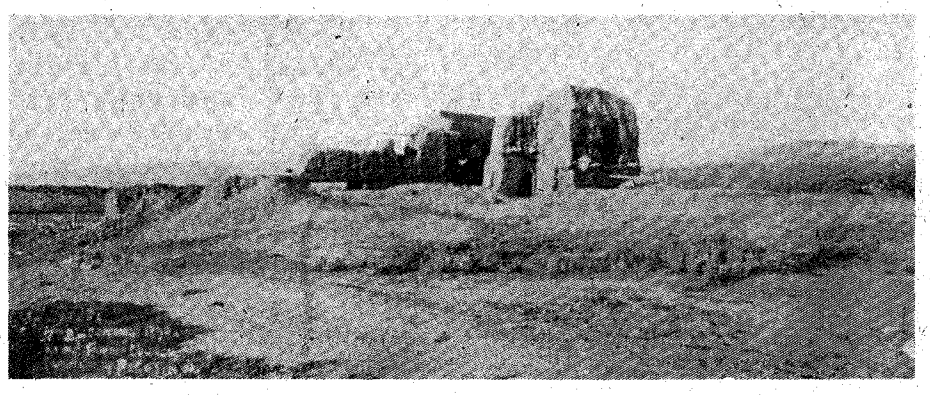
Alarcon and a number of his sailors continued on in small boats, fighting their way upstream until they had passed the present site of Yuma and the Colorado-Gila confluence.

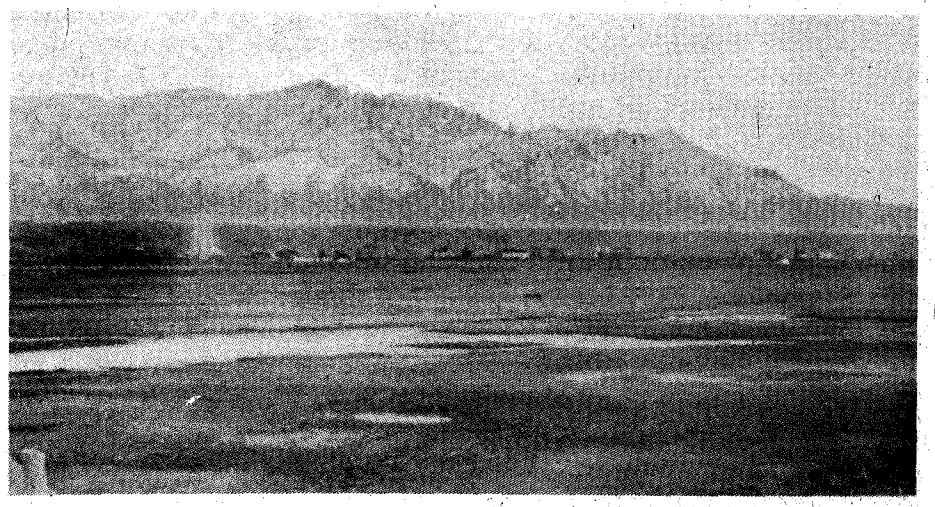
Alarcon was not only the first explorer to ascend the Colorado River of the West from the Sea of Cortez, but when he went ashore on its right bank he was opening the first gateway to the land that would be a part of the American State of California.

The exploits of Diaz and Alarcon in the lower Colorado River Basin took place only a few weeks apart in 1540. That was two years before the voyage of the Cabrillo Expedition, the first to land on California's Pacific Coast.

Search as you will, you will find no place names, no roads, mountains, canyons, schools, political subdivisions or other types of memorials commemorating the outstanding achievements of Estevanico, Diaz and Alarcon.



Above: The ruins of Pecos. Below: The site of Tiguex near Bernalillo, New Mexico. Here Coronado wintered in 1540.



As this episode opens, Estevanico is dead (slain by Indians); Diaz, described as one of the most daring and able of the early explorers, has marched northward from Mexico to resume Estevanico's search for the land of Cibola; Alarcon, probing the lower reaches of the Colorado River, at last meets an Indian with whom he is able to converse, Naguachato. This new interpreter has never been to the Province of Cibola but assures Alarcon that he knows Indians familiar with this land far to the East.

NAGUACHATO made good his promise to introduce Alarcon to men who could enlighten him regarding Cibola. The event took place on a day early in September in a village on the north border of Quicama territory. A warrior told Alarcon that he had not only heard of Cibola but had been there and knew it well. Excitedly Alarcon asked how far away it was, and the warrior waved an arm in a sweeping gesture. Cibola was a month's travel toward the east, he declared. Of course, this was an exaggeration.

Striving to conceal his disappointment, Alarcon asked other questions and became convinced that his informant was telling the truth. In Hawikuh, the first settlement in Cibola, the man said, the chief had a dog like the animal on Alarcon's launch, and ate on flat dishes like those on which Alarcon was served. The dishes in the possession of the Cibola chieftain, however, were not the same color as Alarcon's dishes — they were green. Both the plates and the dog, declared the Quicama warrior, had been taken from a man whose skin was black.

That was all the man professed to know about Cibola — at least, it was all he would say about it — and Alarcon, not a little depressed, moved on. The record is not clear as to how much Alarcon knew of the death of Estevanico the Black. Indeed, there is no documentary evidence to show that he was fully informed of the details of the tragedy. He had been far south in Acapulco preparing his ships when Melchior Diaz, returning from Chichilticale, met Coronado at Chiametla and confirmed the bad news.

It is not known that Alarcon had any direct communication with Coronado after that time. The chances are very good that he did not. Alarcon had no knowledge of Coronado's whereabouts when he sailed, and Coronado was unaware that Alarcon's vessels were delayed by logistical problems.

Beyond the Quicama Indians were the Coano, and Alarcon was warned that they were "bad people." He advanced cautiously, keeping his sailors armed day and night.

The Coano had good reasons for being unfriendly. The only Spaniards about whom they knew anything had slaughtered people at Cibola. Now they faced in their own land similar men with beards, wearing armor and carrying guns and swords. One angry Coano man shouted that Alarcon and his sailors should be put to death before they killed the people of the river.

This tirade brought Old Man to his feet, and he forcefully defended Alarcon. "This man," he said, "is the son of the Sun, and is our lord. He is doing good; he does not enter our houses even when we invite him; he does not take anything away from us; and he does not molest our women."

FROM his talks with the natives, Alarcon felt sure that Cibola could not be reached by following the Colorado River. He had suspected at first that the leaders he interrogated had maintained the river did not reach Cibola only to induce him to turn back downstream and leave them alone. Further conversations however, had brought forth information indicating that the river was impassable because of great canyons and perilous rapids. No boat could ascend it very much farther to the north and survive. Its source was a mystery.

He abandoned all hope of reaching Coronado by water and gave his attention to making the journey by land. He had no means of transporting supplies across the desert, but Coronado had a mounted force. If he could get a

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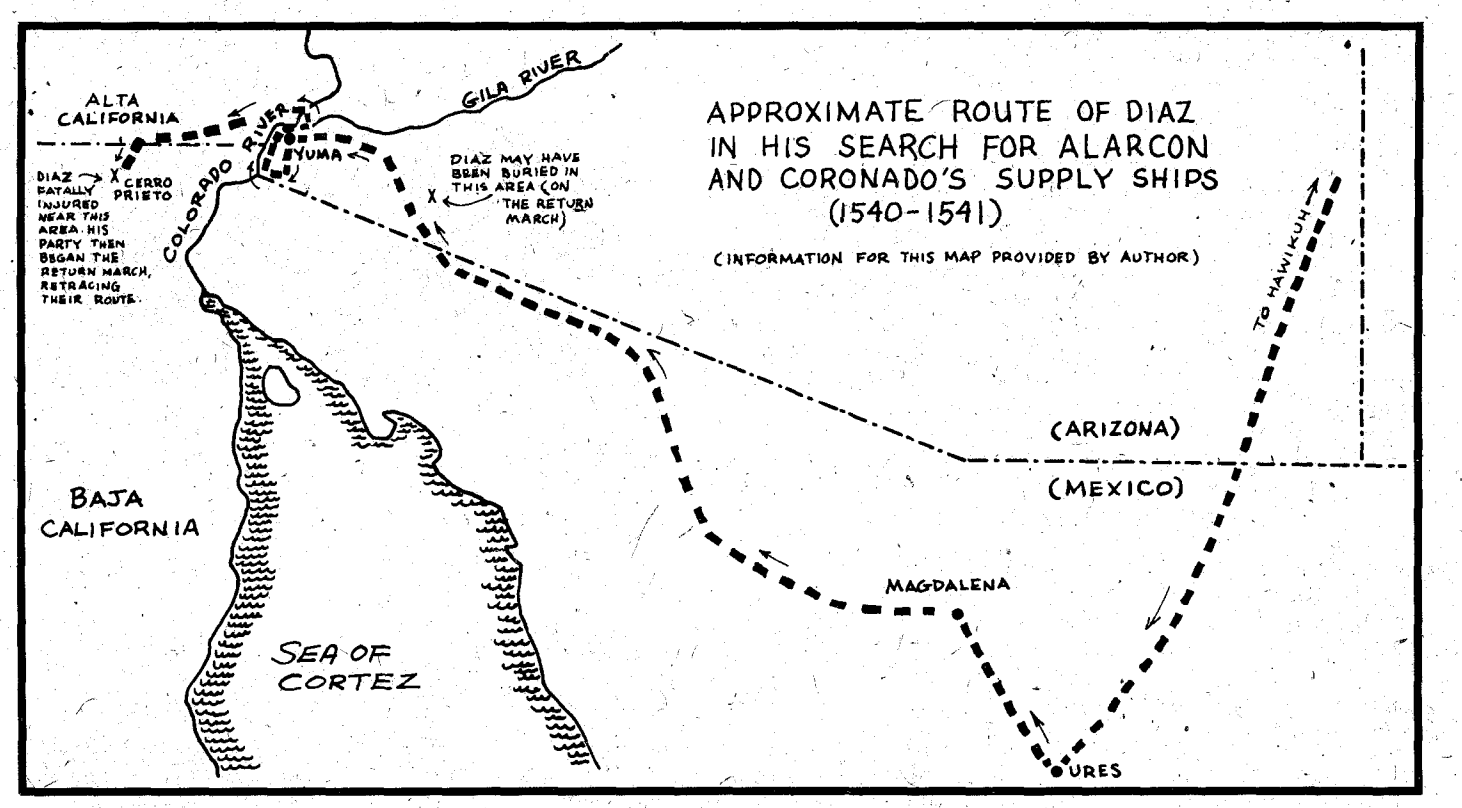

message to him the problem of transport would be solved quickly.

Alarcon held a conference with his sailors and called for volunteers to carry a communication to Coronado. Even though he offered liberal rewards, reportedly only one man, a black, expressed a willingness to go. In view of Estevanico's fate, Alarcon must have deemed it somewhat risky to send another Negro emissary to Cibola, even though he were accompanied by friendly Indians.

Alarcon decided that he would undertake the mission in person, and he appealed to a Coano chieftain to provide him with guides. His request was bluntly refused, and a bitter argument ensued. He and the chief wrangled so long, Alarcon wrote, "that we became angry, and the Old Man would have left the boat in a rage, but I restrained and placated him with kind words, because it was very important to retain his friendship. But no matter how attentive I was to him, I was unable to change his mind."

The sailors had based their refusal to go to Cibola mainly on a story, heard from Indians along the river, that the Cibolans had sent word to all tribes to kill any invaders, either white or black. The Coano gave another reason for declining to undertake the mission. It was that the trail to Cibola passed through the territory of the Cumana tribe, their deadliest enemy. They thought it certain they would be slain. When Alarcon retorted that Coano men had made numerous visits to Cibola and had returned safely, he only succeeded in starting another argument.

Alarcon's log at this time notes that he had spent twelve days fighting his way up the Colorado River and three more days wrangling over his proposal to send a message to Coronado. His food supplies were low, and some of his men were ill, no doubt suffering the effects of the debilitating heat. He decided that he would temporarily abandon his plan to communicate with Coronado, would return to his ships, leave the sick men there, take on fresh supplies, and return with a larger force. Perhaps by then, the Indians would have changed their minds and would guide him to Cibola.

The Coano were not pleased, believing that he was leaving them in anger and was plotting to injure them in some deceitful way. He protested vigorously that he had no evil intentions, and that he fully intended to return to them in peace, but to no avail. He then offered a guarantee that he would keep his word. One of his men would be left with them. The offer seemed to calm the fears of the Coano. The feelings of the hostage are not known.

As Alarcon did not see fit to record the name of this brave man, he shall be called simply El Hombre. More will be said about him.

In the dawn of a mid-September day in 1540, the two boats moved out into the swift current of the Rio Buena Guia, their prows pointed downstream.

ACCORDING to his own report, Alarcon spent fifteen days pushing, rowing, sailing and pulling his boats up the Colorado River. The question that naturally follows this assertion is: How far upstream did he go?

Oddly enough, the evidence that provides the best support for a plausible answer is not contained in the record of his initial journey but in the brief account he wrote of his second ascent of the river.

"So great and swift was the current" that only two and one-half days of travel were required to descend to the ships. Except for some minor damage, they were in good order. The crews were generally well but had become profoundly concerned by his extended absence.

When he announced that he had not returned to stay but intended to make a second trip up the river their fears increased. Alarcon brushed aside their protests that he was needlessly endangering his life as well as the lives of the men who would go with him. He had, he declared, sworn to perform the duties assigned him by the Viceroy, and he would do so to the best of his ability. He ordered that while he was away the men of the ships were to busy themselves building a shrine. It would be christened Our Lady of La Buena Guia. The site he selected for the holy memorial was called La Cruz, but the location is not now known. Indeed, there is no record to show that the shrine was constructed.

Alarcon spent only two days preparing for his second river journey. He

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may have taken three small boats with him. One of them was loaded with quantities of "trading goods, wheat, and other grains, and also Spanish cocks and hens." A minor detail perhaps, but it might be noted that these were the first domesticated fowl carried into California. Alarcon also took with him two musicians, assertedly to relieve himself and the crew from boredom (and the same honor as that bestowed upon the chickens may be awarded to them).

If Alarcon had anticipated a warm reception by the natives upon his return he was badly disappointed. The Indians encountered in the first few days not only appeared to have forgotten him but threatened to attack him. He attributed their attitude to the belief that they mistook him for someone else, "because we were taking along a fifer and a drummer, and I was dressed differently than when they saw me the first time." This seems to be a rather thin explanation, but as there is no other it must be permitted to stand.

At last, however, he was able to persuade the Indians that he was none other than the man they had previously seen, and they accepted some gifts. He also presented them with various kinds of seeds, and showed them how to plant and cultivate them. The agricultural classes were well attended and appeared to arouse genuine interest, but his efforts to break through the coldness and reserve of his students were a failure. "I could not induce them to become good friends," he said.

He suspected that more bad news had come to them from Cibola, but they only shook their heads when he questioned them about the matter. He would soon learn, however, that his hunch was correct. All the people of the Colorado Basin had received details of Coronado's brutality and butchery among the pueblo peoples of New Mexico and Arizona. Here was proof of the speed with which such intelligence was carried across the barren deserts and mountains.

YET, Alarcon was not attacked. He attributed his escape to the respect the several Old Men and Naguachato held for him. This may or may not have been an accurate assessment, but it was given some credence by an incident that occurred when he again reached the Coano villages. He found El Hombre, the crewman he had left there, well and seemingly contented.

An Old Man of the Coano he had previously known told Alarcon that during his absence some Cumanas had boldly entered Coano territory in search of "Christians." Use of the identification in referring to "white men" is connotative of an established distinction in the reasoning of Indians.

It should be pointed out here, perhaps, that the identity of Alarcon's *Cumanas* has not been ascertained by scholars. The location of their homeland as indicated by the Coano in talking with Alarcon suggests that they were the Yuma, the strong tribe that gave its name to the Yuman linguistic stock. They dwelt on both sides of the Colorado River, at and below its junction with the Gila River. This would have placed their towns above the area inhabited by the Coano.

Old Man Coano declared he had told the Cumana warriors looking for Christians that he knew of none, and the only "strangers" he had seen were commanded by a good man who claimed to be a "Son of the Sun."

Coronado and his gold-crazy men were accompanied by priests and de-

The author, John Upton Terrell.

scribed themselves as "Christians." In the lexicon of the Pueblos the title at once became synonymous with disaster and death.

Although Alarcon distributed little reed crosses and erected at least two large crosses, he had not claimed that he had come to promote the dogma of Christianity. He had no fanatical padres in his company. He had played a part Indians could readily understand; indeed, it was not in conflict with the fundamental beliefs of traditional Indian religion, the worship of natural elements. Nor had Alarcon displayed belligerence. He had revealed no desire to be a conqueror. Quite to the contrary, he had been generous, jolly and unobtrusive.

Yet, Alarcon was not a man easily intimidated, and the measure of his courage was graphically illustrated in the northernmost village of the Coano. When he was informed by Old Man Coano that the Cumanas were planning to prevent his entering their land, which began a short distance upstream, he took steps immediately to demonstrate that he had no fear of them. He engaged two Coano messengers and sent them to inform Cumana leaders that he *would* visit them. If they wished to be friendly, as he did, well and good. If they wished war he "would give it to them in a way they would not like."

When the Cumanas realized that Alarcon was not to be frightened away, they made no more threats. A so-called Cumana wizard, or witch doctor, did attempt to turn back the Spaniards by placing across the river a rope of reeds which he maintained was invested with a supernatural force. The magic did not work, and Alarcon noted that "we passed over the reeds without suffering any of the harm he thought he would cause us."

Again Alarcon's efforts to induce Indians to guide him to Cibola, or even to carry a message to Coronado, failed. His pleas fell on deaf ears. The liberal compensation he offered in the form of trade goods was refused. And again he was warned that if he attempted to make the journey he would not live to complete it. The Pueblos, if not other tribes, would kill him and all persons with him.

He wrote in sadness: "At last, seeing that I could not learn anything I wanted to know, I decided to return to the ships."

APPARENTLY Alarcon did not travel far into Cumana territory, if he entered it at all. He reported that two Cumana men came to see him, and "they said their chieftain could not come because his country was so far away, but that I might send him any message I wished." The communication Alarcon sent admonished the Cumana leader to endeavor to maintain peace at all times, and stated that he had been on the way to visit him but because of unforeseen circumstances he was obliged to postpone the meeting. He also sent the Cumana chief a cross with feathers attached to it.

In his journal, Alarcon referred to a "narrow channel" between "mountains" through which his boats passed with difficulty. He had reached the site where the desert town of Yuma stands today. Here the Rio Buena Guia marked the eastern border of the land that would become American California.

El Hombre, the man left with the Coano and who was not overly eager to return to Mexico, was the authority for the estimate that Alarcon ascended the Colorado for "more than thirty leagues." Alarcon accepted the figure and used it in his report to the Viceroy. In the judgment of scholars, in Alarcon's day this was about the distance [80 miles] to the present site of Yuma from the Colorado's mouth. But

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it does not include the distance he and his men traveled in their remarkable passage through the white water shoals that presented a formidable barrier at the head of the Sea of Cortes.

The location of the Coano village in which El Hombre sojourned must remain a mystery, but there is no doubt that Alarcon took his boats above it, perhaps by as much as ten to fifteen leagues. He stated unequivocably that when he turned back the second time he was only a day's downstream travel from the town in which El Hombre had been a happy guest.

His final act before leaving for home was to fashion a tall cross from an old tree trunk that stood on the riverbank. He gave no clue as to the location of the hallowed site, except to remark that it was near the dwelling of Old Man Coano. After scraping the trunk he carved a message on it "in order that if people from the general [Coronado] should arrive here they would know about me." The message said: "Alarcon Came This Far. Letters At The Foot Of This Tree."

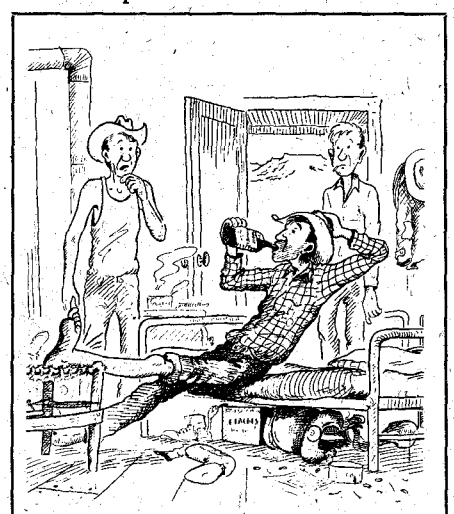
In mid-October 1540, the ships of Alarcon rode the wild ebbtide out of the delta of the Rio Buena Guia into the clear green waters of the Sea of Cortes, bound for the Mexican port of Colima. Through no fault of his own Alarcon had failed to complete his assigned mission, but he had written his name indelibly on the roster of New World discoverers.

SEVERAL TIMES during the early summer of 1540, as he advanced northward through Mexico with his expedition, Coronado had sent men to the coast of the Sea of Cortes to see if some news might be learned of Alarcon's ships. Indians said they had seen sails against the horizon, but that was the sum total of the information obtained, and in itself it was worthless.

In one letter the Viceroy, Coronado revealed his anxiety over their safety: "The sea turns toward the west for ten or twelve leagues directly opposite Los Corazones [on the Rio Sonora], where I learned that sight had been caught of the ships of your Lordship which had gone in search of the port of Chichilticale, on the thirty-fifth parallel. God knows that I have suffered, because I fear they have met some mishap. If they follow the coast, as they said they would, as long as the food lasts which they took with them, and if they have not been overtaken by some misfortune, I maintain my trust in God that they already may have discovered something good, for which their delay may be pardoned."

In Cibola, adding to the weight of their disappointment at the poverty of the province, was the growing concern of Coronado and his men over obtaining sufficient supplies and other needs for the winter ahead. Not only food stores, including delicacies such as condiments and wines to supplement the sparse fare obtainable in the pueblos, had been on the ships. In their cargoes were clothing, undergarments, shoes and boots, and other personal items sorely needed to replace those which now were in a sad state of raggedness and disrepair.

In considering the problem, Coronado and his lieutenants shared a conviction that Alarcon would not simply drop anchor in some convenient bay and wait for word from them. Alarcon would make every attempt to reach Cibola, and in doing so would sail as far north as he could. That would be, to say the least, the mouth of the great river which Ulloa had reported emptied its powerful flood into the head of the long gulf that lay west of the New Spain mainland.



Hold on there, Jake! You ain't a usin' that linament right.

Coronado made a decision. The mouth of the river, a river for which he had no name, would be the place to look for Alarcon. There it might be possible to determine if he had been able to go farther upstream, or had turned back.

Melchior Diaz was, in Coronado's judgment, the man best qualified to make the search. Without delay the veteran frontiersman started back for San Geronimo de los Corazones, where he would organize and equip his expedition.

It was late in September when Diaz set out on the journey that would bring him fame as an explorer, a journey from which he would not return.

He took with him twenty-five Spanish soldiers and a dozen Opata men whose homes were in the Sonora River Valley. Diaz had selected his company with care. Both the Spaniards and the Indians had served under him, and some had been with the Coronado Expedition in Cibola.

Diaz and several soldiers were mounted, but the exact number of riders is not known. Horses also were used to carry kegs and earthen jars of water as well as other supplies.

Some of the Opata undoubtedly had been over a part of the route Diaz would take. They knew it to be the most direct and most feasible trail to his destination. Their advice and their guidance were necessary, for no white man had ever entered the immense region through which he must pass to reach the mysterious river.

THE OPATA TRIBE was a division of the widespread Piman Linguistic Family. Their culture was almost identical to that of their kin, the larger Pima and Papago tribes dwelling northwest of them in territory that would become part of Arizona.

Nunez Cabeza de Vaca and his three companions were the first Europeans to visit the Opata. They were hospitably received, and in one town they were guests of honor at a banquet at which the hearts of several hundred deer were served.

Cabeza de Vaca had given the village the name of Pueblo de los Corazones, and it became a famous stopping place on the trail to the north, among its distinguished visitors being Estevanico, Fray Marcos, Diaz, Coronado and many other high ranking members of expeditions. The Opata made them comfortable, sharing their wild game, maize, beans, melons and peppers with them.

The Opata called themselves Joyl-raua, which signified *village people.* In general they had a high regard for honesty and morality. When driven to warfare they fought with more than ordinary skill and with great ferocity.

Castaneda would write that Opata women — and this was also true of the Pima, Papago and other Piman peoples — painted their faces like the Moorish women of Barbary. Both men and women, he reported, drank a wine made of the "pitahayam which is the fruit of a great thistle which opens like a pomegranate. The wine makes them stupid."

All Piman tribes of the arid regions made a bread from the mesquite which, like cheese, might be preserved for a year. Some of the melons they grew were so large that a man could carry only one at a time. These were cut into slices and dried in the sun, after which they could be stored for months.

Humane and just men, such as Nunez Cabeza de Vaca and Melchior Diaz, had no trouble with the Opata and were accepted by them as friends.

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This was not true of other Spaniards whose unrestrained greed, dishonesty and brutality brought trouble and tragedy.

The Opata possessed a deadly poison with which they treated arrowheads. Nunez Cabeza de Vaca wrote that it came "from a certain tree the size of an apple. For effect no more is necessary than to pluck the fruit and moisten the arrow with it . . . " Some of Coronado's men knew the deadliness of the Opata poison. One was killed by an arrow which had only scratched his hand. A detachment was sent to avenge the soldier's death, and seventeen more Spaniards were slain by the poison in the fight that ensued.

"They would die in agony from only a small wound," wrote Castaneda, "the bodies breaking out with an insupportable pestilential stench. The skin rotted and fell off until it left the bones and sinews bare."

The natives who possessed such a vicious poison, and had no compunctions about using it when necessary, were also well versed in personal hygiene. They bathed daily, changed garments frequently, and kept their houses and villages free of filth. Nunez Cabeza de Vaca noted with approval that "the women are treated with more decorum than in any part of the Indies we had visited. They wear a shirt of cotton that falls as low as the knee, and over it half sleeves with skirts reaching the ground, made of dressed deerskin. It opens in front and is brought close with straps of leather. They soap this with a certain root that cleanses well, by which they are enabled to keep it becomingly. Shoes are worn." The soap was amole, the root of the yucca.

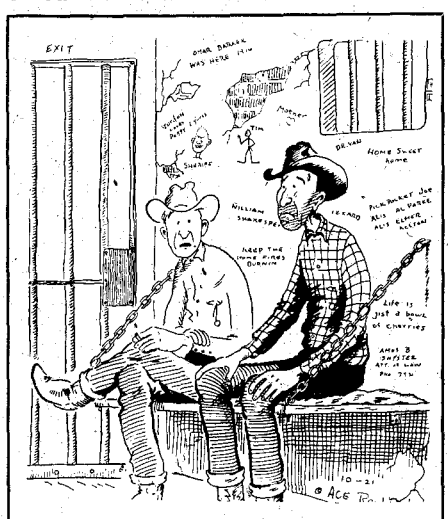
BESIDES being guides, the Opata with Diaz, wise in the ways of desert travel, would serve as packers, camp tenders, interpreters and herders. A band of sheep, perhaps numbering sixty or seventy, was taken along to ensure a supply of fresh meat. Game would be very scarce along the way.

One other animal with the expedition must be accorded special mention. It was a greyhound owned by one of the soldiers, and it would play a memorable role in history.

As far as is known, neither Diaz nor any of his companions made notes as they went along. The reports that have been preserved were written by other chroniclers, such as Castaneda, and the scant informative material in them came from the lips of soldiers who had taken part in the great adventure and had lived to return. These accounts differ in several essential respects, but certain geographical features, mainly the location of waterholes known to exist at the time, made it possible to determine with relative accuracy the trail that was followed. Moreover, traveling with horses and a band of sheep made it necessary to obtain adequate supplies of forage and water at fairly regular intervals.

From San Geronimo de los Corazones, forty miles north of the town of the deer heart banquet, the Opata led Diaz over an Indian path toward the northwest. On a modern map the course would cross the Rio San Miguel at Cucurpe, climb over ridges and twist down into the valley of the Rio Magdalena. Descending this stream westward the Indian settlements at Alta, Pitiquito and Caborca would have been reached in territory occupied by the Papago.

The Papago homeland extended over a vast area, on both sides of the present international border, from the Santa Cruz River in Arizona to northwestern Sonora. The word *papago* derived from two words of the Piman



Better plead insanity, Jake. Ain't nobody in his right mind would steal a cow in this drought.

dialect the tribe spoke, *papah* and *ootam,* respectively signifying *beans* and *people.* The name undoubtedly was given to them because, although they grew some maize, they depended in large part, when water was available, on cultivated beans, and in time of drought, a frequent occurrence, on the beans of wild plants, such as the mesquite. The Papago's own name for themselves was *Tono-oohtam,* meaning *people of the desert.* And, indeed, they were that.

Because there were no really dependable streams in most of their great land, they were forced to follow a nomadic way of life, constantly shifting to obtain sufficient water to nourish their little fields. This was the greatest difference between them and their closest relatives, the Pima Principal, who dwelt immediately north of them. Otherwise, their traditions, customs, and religious beliefs were almost identical to those of their more affluent kinsmen of the Salt and Gila Valleys.

THE PAPAGO were a frugal and generally peaceful people, but they did not hesitate to go into battle against raiders, and in conflict they displayed uncommon courage. Because of their isolation and the forbidding character of their homeland they were among the last Indians of the Southwest to come into contact with Europeans.

No evidence has come to light to contradict an assertion that Diaz and his soldiers were the first white men ever seen by the Papago and the Pima of Arizona and northern Sonora.

There is a story that the early missionaries pushing northward in western Mexico heard the word *pim* so often from a certain tribe that they thought it was their name. That may be apocryphal. However, *pim* signified *no* in the language of the Nevome Indians of Sonora, and they became mistakenly called Pima. Later, when it was learned that the same people also inhabited the region to the north that is now Arizona they were called Pima Alta, and the Nevome were identified as Pima Baja. The whole immense area in which both the Upper and Lower Pima dwelt was given the name of Pimeria. The part occupied by the Papago was called the Papagueria.

The Pima who roamed through the valleys drained by Arizona's Salt and Gila Rivers had a name for themselves. It was *A-a'tam,* meaning simply *people,* and to distinguish themselves from their blood relatives, the neighboring Papago, they used the name *A-a'tam kimult,* or *river people.* One may understand why the missionaires preferred *no,* and why the true name of the Pima was ignored.

There seems to be no doubt, according to archeologists that the Pima are direct descendants of the great ancient people, the Hohokam. The Pima maintain that many of the ruined rock and adobe towns found in their country, including the large Casa Grande, were built by their progenitors, and prehistoric Pima culture gives strong support to the claim. The early Pima lived in houses similar to those of the Hohokam, made pottery decorated with Hohokam designs, and, perhaps most important of all, like the Hohokam they constructed irrigation systems. They lived a precarious, fearful existence in mud and thatch houses, growing what crops they were able with flood and hand-watering, and always ready to flee.

The Pima were polygamists, and the number of wives a man took was governed only by his ability to support them. In the Pima belief an owl carried

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the soul of a dead person off to another world, and the hooting of an owl was thought to be a premonition of an impending death.

From Caborca, Diaz's route proceeded again northwestward to Sonoyta, a pleasant oasis on the border and now the entrance to Mexico from the beautiful Organ Pipe National Monument. Then, running more westward than north, the trail skirted the northern end of the great Pincate Lava Bed. This was probably the most difficult part of the journey, a section of burning desert that would come to be known much later as the *Camino del Diablo* — the Devil's Highway. Along it, in years to come, countless men and animals would perish.

Near the Tinajas Alta Mountains, in the Lechuguilla Desert, the trail swung northward, probably keeping in or close to the Coyote Wash until reaching the Gila River near the present town of Wellton. Descending the Gila on the well-worn Indian trade road that came from the Pacific Coast near the site of Los Angeles, Diaz reached the Yuma Crossing of the Colorado.

One of the soldiers would estimate that the distance traveled to this point was approximately one hundred and fifty leagues. Other members of the company thought the figure should be greater. Regrettably the number of days consumed by the march is not known. It could hardly have taken less than thirty. On that basis the average day's travel would have been slightly in excess of thirteen miles, a rather remarkable feat across one of the worst desert areas in North America.

It probably took Diaz at least forty days to reach the Colorado, still an extraordinary accomplishment with men on foot and a band of sheep. The truth may never be known. It is not believed that any sort of record was kept. Were it not for Castaneda's conscientious effort to provide a comprehensive history of the Coronado Expedition, very little, if anything, would be known of Diaz's courageous and daring venture.

NO warm and noisy receptions were given to Diaz. He saw defiance in the faces of the Coano and the Cumanas, resentment and unfriendliness in their eyes. They did not flee, but they kept away from his camps and only a few men would respond to his questions. Communications were extremely difficult, for Diaz had no interpreter, and what little information he received was obtained by tedious gesturing.

The Indians of the river had good reason to view him with suspicion and withhold their hospitality. Alarcon had arrived by water, and he had quickly convinced them that he was not only a Son of the Sun but a man of peace. He had asked for nothing in the way of material articles or food, and he had given generously of his possessions. Diaz and his men had come by land, some of them mounted on great prancing animals like those Coronado and his soldiers had ridden when they conquered and slaughtered the people of the pueblos.

The Yuman tribes of the river could draw only one conclusion: Diaz was a spy for Spaniards — perhaps Coronado — plotting to subdue them. Their fears were not alleviated when they learned from the Opata Indians with Diaz that he had been with Coronado in the attack on the Cibolans.

Diaz apparently made a quick trip down the river in the hope of finding Alarcon. He had learned that Diaz's supply ships had been in the delta, and that launches had brought the Son of the Sun and his companions upstream. The Indians were vague as to the time of Alarcon's visit, however, and their assertion that he had made two visits served to cast doubt on the information they did give.

How far down the Colorado River Diaz traveled is not certain. There is no documentary evidence that he reached the head of the Gulf of California. Yet he and his men must have gone downstream far enough to encounter the tall and powerful Cocopa, for early accounts of their explorations tell of their astonishment at the size and strength of some of the Indians. Many of them stood six and one-half feet tall. One towering native easily picked up a log which six Spaniards had been unable to lift.

Speaking of these people as a race of giants, one report of the Diaz journey stated that they "are naked and live in large straw cabins built underground like smokehouses, with only the straw roof above ground. They enter these at one end and come out the other. More than a hundred persons, old and young, sleep in one cabin. When they carry anything, they can take a load of three or four hundredweight."

Either Diaz encountered a period of abnormally cold weather or he reached the Colorado later in the year than estimated by contemporary historians. Alarcon had been on the river in the terrible heat of summer, but Diaz was there when wintry temperatures prevailed.

According to stories told by Diaz's men, the Indians "carry a firebrand with which they warm their hands and body, changing it from one hand to the other as they travel along."

Unaware that Alarcon had called the Colorado *Buena Guia*, Diaz appropriately christened it *Rio del Tizon* — Firebrand River — and long thereafter

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it would be popularly known by that name.

One morning after several days had been spent in searching along the left bank of the river the sharp eyes of an Opata saw a tree trunk that appeared to have been blazed. The site was about half-way from the Gulf to Yuma. With rising hope Diaz pressed his mount forward over the rough sand. Words took shape on the gnarled trunk as he advanced, telling him that Alarcon had been there and had left a buried message. If the old dead tree had been made into a cross, the horizontal bar had fallen.

When eager hands had unearthed the jar containing the letters and anxious eyes had scanned them, all Diaz's hope was destroyed. He learned from the letters, wrote Castaneda, "how long Alarcon had waited for news from Coronado's army, and that Alarcon had gone back with the ships to New Spain."

It was also explained in the letters that the land called California was not an island but an extension of the mainland forming the western shore of the Sea of Cortes. Alarcon had confirmed what Ulloa had believed but had not quite proven when he had turned homeward near Cedros Island on the Pacific Coast.

This vitally important geographical knowledge could have been obtained by Alarcon from only one source: the Indians. They must have informed him that west of the Rio Buena Guia was a land mass unbroken by any waterway connecting the Sea of Cortes with the South Sea.

AFTER finding the letters Diaz turned up the Colorado. And now his actions became mysterious. Instead of setting out for San Geronimo de los Corazones, from which he could have dispatched a courier to Cibola to advise Coronado that the supply ships had gone back to Mexico, Diaz decided to cross the Colorado and explore the land to the west. What was he looking for? Did he expect to find something of value?

Diaz chose to cross the Colorado near the mouth of the Rio Gila. He set his men to work to construct rafts, asking Indians to furnish material and to share their skills. It was at this crossing place that the first warfare between the river people and white men occurred.

Castaneda declared that some natives, whom he did not identify by tribe, had been plotting to attack the white intruders and were "waiting for a favorable opportunity." When they learned that the Spaniards "wanted to cross, they helped make the rafts with all zeal and diligence, so as to catch them in this way on the water and drown them or else so divide them that they could not help one another."

Their scheme didn't work out as the Indians had hoped. While the rafts were being constructed, an alert soldier on patrol noticed that "a large number of armed natives" were crossing the river and hiding behind a hill. Diaz, his suspicion aroused by the scout's report, had an Indian "captured and locked up secretly in order to question him and learn the truth." The captive protested that he knew nothing of a plot to attack the Spaniards, but "torture loosened his tongue, and he told all the arrangements that had been made."

Castaneda provided this version of the Indians' strategy: "When our men were crossing and a part of them had got over and part were on the river and part were waiting to cross, the Indians who were on the rafts should drown those they were helping across and the rest should make an attack on both sides of the river. If they had had as much discretion and courage as they had strength and power, the attempt

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would have succeeded."

The Indian who had been forced to confess was killed, and at night his body, heavily weighted, was dropped into the river. However, by some unknown means the Indians learned that their plans had been discovered and they decided not to delay their assault until the crossing was underway.

THE following dawn they launched an attack, but the Spaniards were ready for them. As arrows began to fly, horsemen charged, running down men and driving lances through them. Other soldiers and Opatas sent a devastating harquebus fire into a band of howling warriors. The Indians, soon routed in disorder, vanished into the rough adjacent desert. That was the end of the first inter-racial confrontation on the Colorado.

The rafts were constructed of reeds woven tightly together, wide in the center and pointed at each end. Bouyant but rickety they carried Diaz and his company (the sheep and the greyhound were ferried but the horses swam) to the land that would become American California.

One early account states that after the crossing Diaz "continued his search for the other coast." It may be assumed that he had been informed by Indians that the Pacific was not a great distance to the west, but there is no evidence to show that he intended to go to the coast or made an effort to do so.

Indeed, early writings indicate that he wandered in a strange manner after the crossing. He may have traveled north from his landing place on the California bank, a direction he certainly would not have taken if he had harbored any thought of reaching the South Sea.

One account says he "passed on from the Firebrand River fifty leagues to where he found the country very sandy, windy, and filled with large and high dunes . . . which grow, diminish, or move depending on the strongness of the wind." If Diaz traveled northward that distance on the west side of the Colorado he would have reached a point above the present town of Blythe. There are dunes in this area.

The only other place in Southern California where large blowing dunes are to be found is between Yuma and the Imperial Valley. That Diaz skirted them in his wandering appears to be an indisputable fact. Thus it seems that if he went north to the region of Blythe, he returned southward farther inland. No explanation has been given for his taking such a route.

Diaz was traveling toward the southwest, wrote Castaneda, when the company "came upon some beds of burning lava. No one could cross them, for it would be like going into the sea to drown. The ground upon which the Spaniards walked resounded like a kettle-drum, as if there were lakes underneath. It was amazing to see the cinders boil in some places, for it looked like something infernal. They turned away from this place because it seemed to be dangerous and also because of a lack of water."

Delineation of this part of Diaz's route is possible with unquestionable accuracy. After passing along the western edge of the sand hills that rise about fifteen miles west of the Colorado River at Yuma these dunes were crossed by the freeway U.S. 80, which follows generally the ancient Indian trade trail to the San Diego area, he went on toward the southwest, crossed the boundary between American California and Baja California, and continued into Mexico until he came to Cerro Prieto (Dark Hill).

The place that "looked like something infernal" would become known as Volcano Lake. It was at the foot of Cerro Prieto, about twenty miles southwest of the present city of Mexicali. There hot mud bubbles come up from ground pots, steam and acrid fumes rise, and reaches known as "rubber meadows" tremble and resound as a rider or even a man on foot walks on them.

The Opata guides, breaking trail for Diaz, came upon firm ground just to the north of Cerro Prieto. A safe trail twisted away southward. They were now close to a branch of the Colorado River delta known several centuries later by the name of Rio Hardy. Had they been able to follow this Indian path they would have traversed country through which a paved highway eventually would connect the city of Mexicali with the little fishing village of San Felipe on the western shore of the Gulf of California.

Their exploration of unknown lands, however, was destined to end abruptly a short distance below Dark Hill.

AFTER Diaz had survived the perils and ordeals of living for years in the wilderness, years of opening trails far beyond the frontiers of civilization, Fate decreed that he would die through a freakish accident.

On a day near the end of 1540, the greyhound which had been brought along by one of the soldiers began to annoy the little band of sheep. Apparently in a playful mood, it ran at the animals as if intending to bring one of them down, scattering all of them along the trail. Irritated by this threat to the rapidly diminishing supply of fresh meat, Diaz charged toward the dog on his horse and threw his lance at it. The greyhound bounded away unharmed.

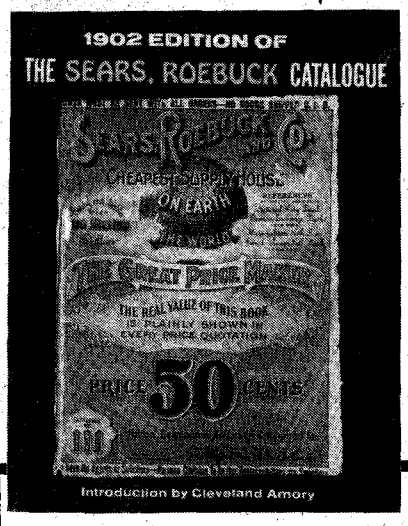
The lance stuck in the ground immediately in front of Diaz, and being unable to stop his horse quickly enough he "went over the lance so that it nailed him through the thighs, and the iron came out behind, rupturing his bladder."

Diaz fell from his saddle and lay writhing and groaning in terrible agony. His men knelt about him, and when he grew silent, having lapsed into unconsciousness, they thought him dead.

He was not dead. One contemporary story of the tragedy told of his incredible courage and indomitable determination to survive. ". . . he was a man of spirit, and he came to. Seeing there was no one who dared to doctor him, he doctored himself."

With great effort Diaz said: "If I only had a silver tube I could get along." He himself extracted the iron lance. The Indians helped stop the flow of blood, and the wound was bound with cloths.

In all the annals of American exploration there is not to be found a more remarkable display of loyalty and devotion than that which began on December 30, 1540 in the badlands of Baja California. Diaz's men construct-



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ed a litter and placed him gently upon it, lifted the burden to their shoulders and set out to carry it some five hundred miles over the rough desert trail they had followed in their westward journey.

At the Colorado River, unfriendly Indians harried them, but they got Diaz safely across on a raft and kept the warriors at a distance with timely musket shots. On they marched, hour after hour, day after day, taking turns under the litter. Neither Castaneda nor any other chronicler explains why no use was made of horses to transport the wounded man. It is highly probable, however, that the ordeals of their saddle mounts; some may have been killed or stolen by Indians; some may have run away. If the losses had been severe enough, the remaining horses would have been needed to carry ammunition, water and other vital supplies.

Whenever the ground was smooth enough the carriers walked in lockstep, probably with a leader monotonously counting out the cadences, but for seemingly endless miles, the trail passed through rough lands, rock and lava and cactus, washes and canyons and over mesas. In such places they staggered and stumbled under their load. But they did not give up, and they held the fervent hope that "they would reach the settlements in time for Diaz to be confessed, for there was a priest there."

They lost the race. Purportedly Diaz lived "for about twenty days." Soldiers who had been with him gave the date of his death as January 18, 1541. Castaneda recorded that his men "with great sorrow buried him on a little hill and there erected a cross, covering him with a large mound of earth and stones."

The grave has never been found, although many persons have searched for it. All surviving records are barren of any clue as to its location. The valiant Spaniards and Opata Indians who carried the litter had no names for the mountains and washes and mesas along their route, so they had no way to direct others to the site of the interment. Nor could they say how many miles they had trudged before they gave their beloved Captain to the desert — somewhere along the Camino del Diablo.

The End

Part I of this three-part story, "The Saga of Three Lieutenants," (December '80 True West); and Part II (January '81 Frontier Times) may be purchased for $1.25 each from Circulation Department, Western Publications, 700 East State St., Iola, Wisconsin 54945.

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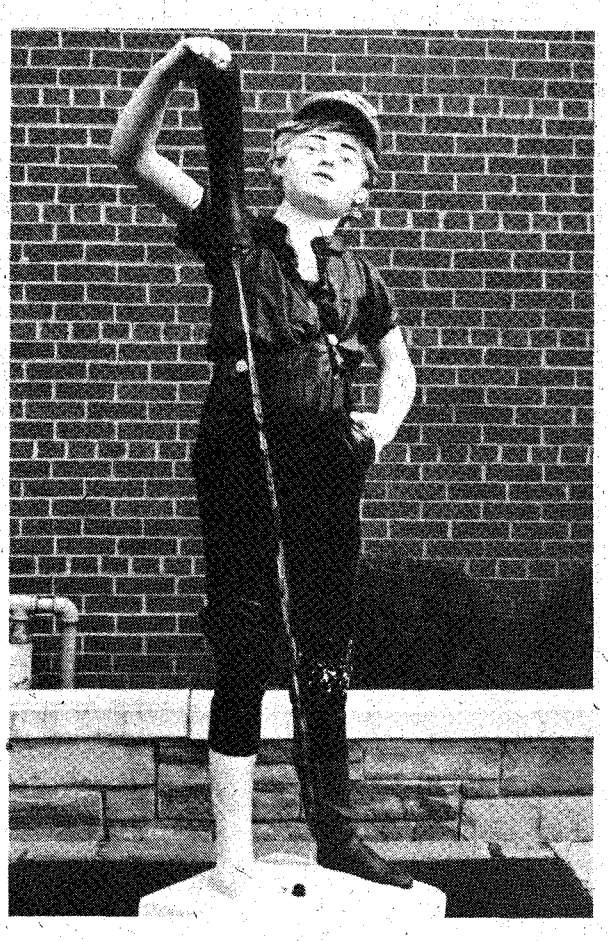
The mystery of

THE BOY WITH THE LEAKING BOOT



Boy on fire station grounds in Stevens Point, Wisconsin.

By MARY'N ROSSON
Photos provided by author

"THE meanest thieves of them all," was the scathing sentiment expressed in the column of Frank Lord of the Seattle (Washington) *Post Intelligencer*. His blast was directed at the vandals who had wrenched the statue, The Boy With the Leaking Boot, from its pedestal in front of a local manufacturing company. Only a few toes and part of a boot remained of the quaint little figure that had won the hearts of young and old for over fifty years.

The statue depicts a chunky nine- or ten-year old boy gravely inspecting a stream of water that jets from the toe of a boot held aloft in his right hand. A worn cap is perched jauntily atop tousled hair. High-waisted pants are held precariously by a single suspender fastened by a button over the right shoulder. Shirt sleeves are tight-rolled to display fledgling muscles, and fingers of the left hand are thrust firmly into his pants pocket. The foot without the boot rests solidly on a slab of cold stone.

Seattle's Boy accompanied the Christian Brothers when they came to this country from Belgium in the early 1900s. The statue for almost twenty years decorated the front of a school established by them. He was later purchased by O.E. Maedel, a Seattle baker. Boy became part of the Maedels' showplace mansion, adding his sculptured artistry from his position overlooking the green sweep of the front lawn. The Maedels became so fond of Boy that on their death, and at their express wishes, both bodies were cremated and the ashes scattered around the little statue.

Boy was then bought by a shoe manufacturing company and stood for some time in front of the plant. It was from here that he was stolen. No trace of him has ever been found, although a reward was offered.

SEATTLE'S statue is only one of twenty-four, located through tedious research. The Reverend Alex Fleck of Los Angeles, California, has for many years tracked down every clue concerning the elusive statues, personally accounting for twenty-three of them. He reports that England, Sweden and Italy each have a Boy. Canada has one in Winnipeg, in Toronto, and in Ontario.

In the United States there are ten replicas still standing in the following cities: Wallingford, Vermont; Fresno, California; Sandusky, Ohio; Hershey Estates, Hershey, Pennsylvania; El Dorado, Kansas; Houlton, Maine; two in Ellensville, New York; a bronze copy for sale in the showroom of the Florentine Craftsman Foundry in New York City; and Stevens Point, Wisconsin, the most recent addition to the list.

In the following states the statues are down, with most of them in need of repairs: New Orleans, Louisiana; Paterson, New Jersey; Baker, Oregon; and El Paso, Texas. The Boy on the lawn of an antebellum mansion in Biloxi, Mississippi was damaged by a hurricane some years ago and needs mending. Seattle's Boy was stolen. Wellville, Ohio lost its statue to a careening automobile, and Helena, Montana's dropped from sight almost thirty-four years ago. Menominee, Michigan also reports its statue needs repairs.

The story of the young lad after whom Boy was patterned has two versions. A well-liked newsboy who sold papers on the streets of old Italy was one story. After he drowned while fishing, Boy With the Boot was erected in his honor.

The more accepted story concerns a drummer boy in the Civil War, in charge of looking after the wounded on the battlefield. When the soldiers began to cry out for water the lad, lacking a utensil, filled his boot from a nearby stream. Holding his thumb in the torn part of the boot to keep the

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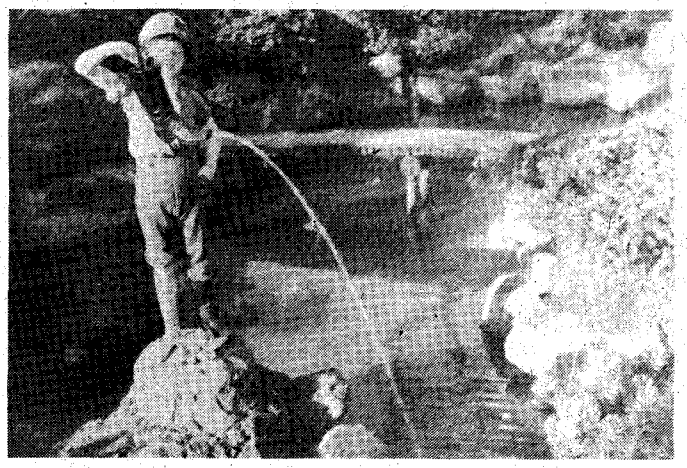

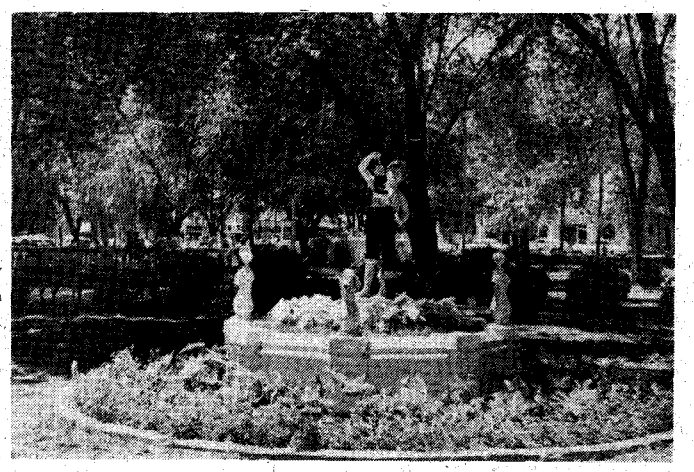

Above left: Boy at Seattle, Washington, was stolen and never found. Above right: Boy in San Jacinto Plaza, El Paso, Texas.

water from leaking out, he was able to quench the thirst of the fevered men. Boy With the Leaking Boot was created to commemorate his courage. Neither of these stories has been substantiated.

Reverend Fleck has never been able to determine in which country Boy originated. He is made of a white pewter metal native to Germany yet that country has been unable to identify the sculptor or manufacturer. Italy and Belgium also have failed.

Many of our cities have interesting tales to tell of their acquisition of Boy. For instance, Sandusky, Ohio lays claim to having the oldest statue of him in the United States. It has stood for well over a hundred years in front of the Porter House overlooking Lake Erie. (This hostelry, incidentally, originated that dish so beloved by Americans, the porterhouse steak.)

Eighty-three years ago Salvation Army Sergeant D.E. Nichols, of Fresno, California worried about keeping children out of the downtown taverns, which they often ducked into when they were thirsty. Through the Sergeant's efforts a drinking fountain was built. A replica of Boy was placed on a pedestal above the fountain in hopes of enticing the impressionable children away from the saloons.

Boy was moved several times in the ensuing years and became badly damaged. To keep him from being totally destroyed, the Junior Chamber of Commerce sponsored a contest to have the statue cast in bronze. Schoolchildren in Fresno worked hard and raised enough money to save their Boy. He is standing today in Court House Park.

Paterson, New Jersey, is proud of its story, too. Boy originally graced the lawn of a silk manufacturer named Hilman, one of the city's earliest residents. Later, Boy was acquired by Nathen Barnert who immigrated to the United States in 1849. Barnert became Mayor of Paterson and was a well-known philanthropist. He felt that Boy was typical of that part of his own life when "just as such a lad he gazed wonderingly from the emigrant ship for the first time on the fertile shores of this land of promise." Barnert called the statue Emigrant Boy. For some years now, the statue has been in need of repairs.

Boy in City Hall Park, El Paso, Texas.

Above: Courthouse Park, Fresno, California. Right: Boy with "Bootee," El Paso, Texas.

IN Menominee, Michigan, Boy stands in front of the M and M Brewing Company. He was purchased by John Henes in Germany in the late 1800s and was used as a focal point in a rock garden between the adjoining homes of Henes and his father-in-law,

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Jacob Leisen. During World War I, one of the houses was sold and the rock garden destroyed. Boy was hidden away in the family garage for some years. After Prohibition was repealed, Leo W. Erdlitz opened the M and M Brewing Company. He obtained Boy and placed him atop a small fountain in front of his plant.

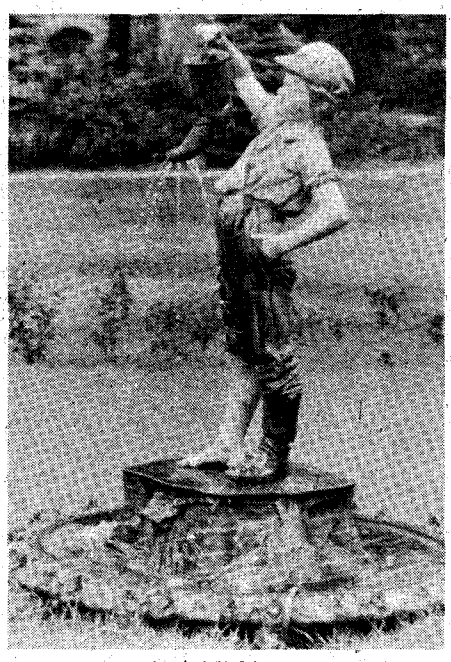
The Boy in Stevens Point, Wisconsin arrived in 1895, according to *Reach*, newspaper supplement to the Stevens Point *Daily Journal*. And as with the other Boys there were no clues as to the origin of the pewter statue.

It was during a drive to improve the town's Public Square that a special committee agreed on plans to erect a fountain in its center for both people and horses.

"The design of the fountain," said the *Daily Journal*, "is a boy standing on a rock. He has taken off one of his boots and holds it even with his head in his right hand. The water runs out of the bottom of the boot onto the spray in the basin below."

The plan for the new fountain immediately ran into a barrage of public opinion. The Stevens Point *Gazette* reported, "Disappointment as to the size and appearance of the statue has been expressed on all sides." Business people said the fountain would create a traffic hazard when teams of horses were watered. Other complaints centered around the impending relocation of the 120-foot Liberty Pole which had been the rallying point of local celebrations since 1869. It would have to be moved to make way for the Boy. Some of the arguments became bitter. Injunctions were threatened.

It was a short-lived furor, however. The Liberty Pole was peacefully moved to a new home in the Courthouse yard (now the City-County building site).



Boy in Menominee, Michigan.

There was some ribbing over the squabble from neighboring towns. Wausau, Wisconsin, which had lost a bitter battle for a new state normal (now the University of Wisconsin-Stevens Point) gave its opinion in the Wausau *Herald*: "Stevens Point is having a wordy warfare over a watering fountain recently erected in the center of its principal business street. It is indeed strange Stevens Point is wrangling over water. The normal school is surely having its good effect."

The *Daily Journal* graciously reprinted the *Herald* article under the heading, "The Green-eyed Monster."

If there ever was a metal counterpart to the very human "new boy on the block" who had to take a beating every day, it is this little statue.

In most every place Boy ever existed he was the victim of vandalism and accidents. Around the turn of the century in Stevens Point a horse-drawn wagon smashed into the statue and almost destroyed it. The remains were tossed into a ditch behind the firehouse on Second street.

When found later by firemen Lyman Rowe, Sr. and Herman Krembs, they refinished the Boy and set him up near the fire station in a flower bed. The little fellow had lost both legs and the boot he had been holding.

In 1941 George (Boots) Fisher repainted Boy and as a humorous touch put a creel and landing net around his neck and a fishing rod under his left arm. Boy was also given a wooden trout to hold. Net, creel and rod soon vanished but Boy managed to hold onto the trout. The statue remained at the firehouse until the Division Street Station was built in 1967. It was then put in storage, and after a time completely disappeared. It was later located at the University of Wisconsin-Stevens Point.

In 1975, Jim Durtschi, a high school student, refinished the figure. Tom Tylka cast new legs and a real boot was furnished for Boy to hold. The original pewter body was intact but for some reason boots were placed on both feet.

In a spirit of good will, firefighters, a local union and several businesses cooperated in building a new fountain at the fire station, with the statue as the centerpiece.

Today Boy looks much as he did in 1895. Dave Heise of nearby Iola writes me that Boy is again wearing only one boot, with his right foot bare as it was originally. Passersby frequently stop to admire and photograph the statue. The firehouse Boy in Stevens Point is well cared for and is destined for a long life.

Wallington, Vermont's Boy was always referred to as the Boy Immigrant. He was given to the small town by the family of Arnold Hill. They wished to honor the memory of their

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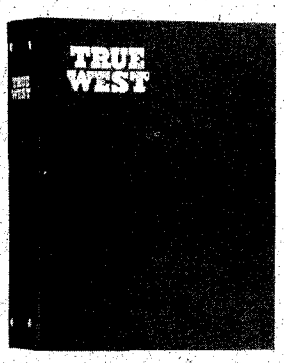

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Civil War veteran son who was killed on the battlefield.

The 81-year-old Winnipeg, Canada, Boy has become quite a celebrity. Purchased by the Young People's Christian Endeavor Society in 1897, he was first placed in front of the City Hall. Later the little statue was transferred to Assiniboine Park. In 1953 the Rotary International Fellowship dedicated a new entrance to the park's flower garden. Boy was given a prominent place among the bright plants and greenery. In a high point of Boy's career he was photographed with the Duke and Duchess of York, parents of Britain's Queen Mother Mary.

Eighty-nine years ago El Paso, Texas was not at first pleased when Boy came to the frontier town. No one is quite sure how his purchase came about, as city records reveal no details. The late James L. Marr recalled that one of Mayor Joseph Magoffin's aldermen, J.B. Badger, was responsible for Boy's acquisition. The alderman, who was in charge of streets and grades, went on a junketing trip to the East in 1899. He came home with the statue, claiming he got a bargain for $800. Badger received much criticism from his political enemies who were disgusted at what they termed a "piece of junk."

Other old-timers of El Paso like their story better. Seems the city fathers decided their little border city needed some culture, namely a piece of statuary. Several hundred dollars in contributions were collected. A committee was sent to St. Louis, Missouri to secure something that would "reflect the fine artistic sense of the city." The group, however, had such a marvelous time seeing the sights that all their money was soon spent except for twenty dollars. Boy was the only "art" they could find at that price.

Back home the committee came in for much ridicule, knowledgeable folks claiming that Boy was only putty. El Paso owned a small plot of land called City Hall Park, land which had the dubious distinction of having once been traded for a sewing machine. In 1901, resplendent in blue trousers and yellow shirt, Boy was placed in the center of a little pool in City Hall Park.

Through the years vandals delighted in picking on Boy, stealing his boot, breaking his arms and legs. In 1910 city officials moved him to San Jacinto Park, a large, treeshaded spot in the center of downtown El Paso. He was placed atop a pedestal surrounded by a colorful circle of flowers. At his side, as if to guard him, was a brass Civil War cannon left over from the battle of Val Verde.

Later, in the dead of night, the cannon was spirited away to help Pancho Villa during the Mexican Revolution but the Blue Whistler, as the cannon was called, was eventually returned the the city.

Vandals continued to pester Boy so he was moved atop the alligator pond. Officials figured the ugly snout and bad disposition of the gators would act as a deterrent to further harassment of the little statue.

This was not to be. The mischievous ones not only bedeviled Boy, they struck at the gators, killing one and blinding the other. The poor alligators were finally moved to the safety of the zoo, while Boy was given a brief respite at the flower show in the Coliseum. There he was painted white and given a prominent place in a bower of red roses and white daisies.

IN 1966, as a gesture of friendship, Mexico presented the city of El Paso with a replica of the Aztec Calendar, also known as Eagle Bowl or Sun Stone. This huge basaltic monolith weighs twenty-five tons, is fourteen feet high, and is an exact reproduction of the Mexican Aztec Calendar that was completed in 1479.

The calendar is based on lunar, solar and religious elements and is centerpieced with the face of a goddess. Wishing to prominently display and honor this friendship work of art, the City Council decided to change the name of City Hall Park to Calendar Park. They also ordered Boy to be returned as a companion piece to the Calendar.

Boy did not remain untouched for long. Constant blows from people who delighted in destroying things other people enjoy, resulted in his mortal wounding. Now in the care of the Parks Department, there is some doubt Boy will ever be able to proudly watch the water leak from his boot again.

Reverend Fleck states that probably the true origin of Boy will never be known. One source believes he was imported from France over a hundred years ago. The Menominee, Michigan Boy was almost certainly a German casting. The Fresno, California Boy was from a foundry bearing the German name Mott. The Seattle Boy was brought from Belgium. And so the mystery of the little fellow who won so many hearts may never be solved.

Columnist Lynch ended his report by saying, "And so the Boy With the Boot may stand again in Seattle and wouldn't that be something?"

It would indeed be something if all twenty-four Boys could stand safe and sound, ready to receive the smiling affection of those who view them, and never again being subject to abuse.

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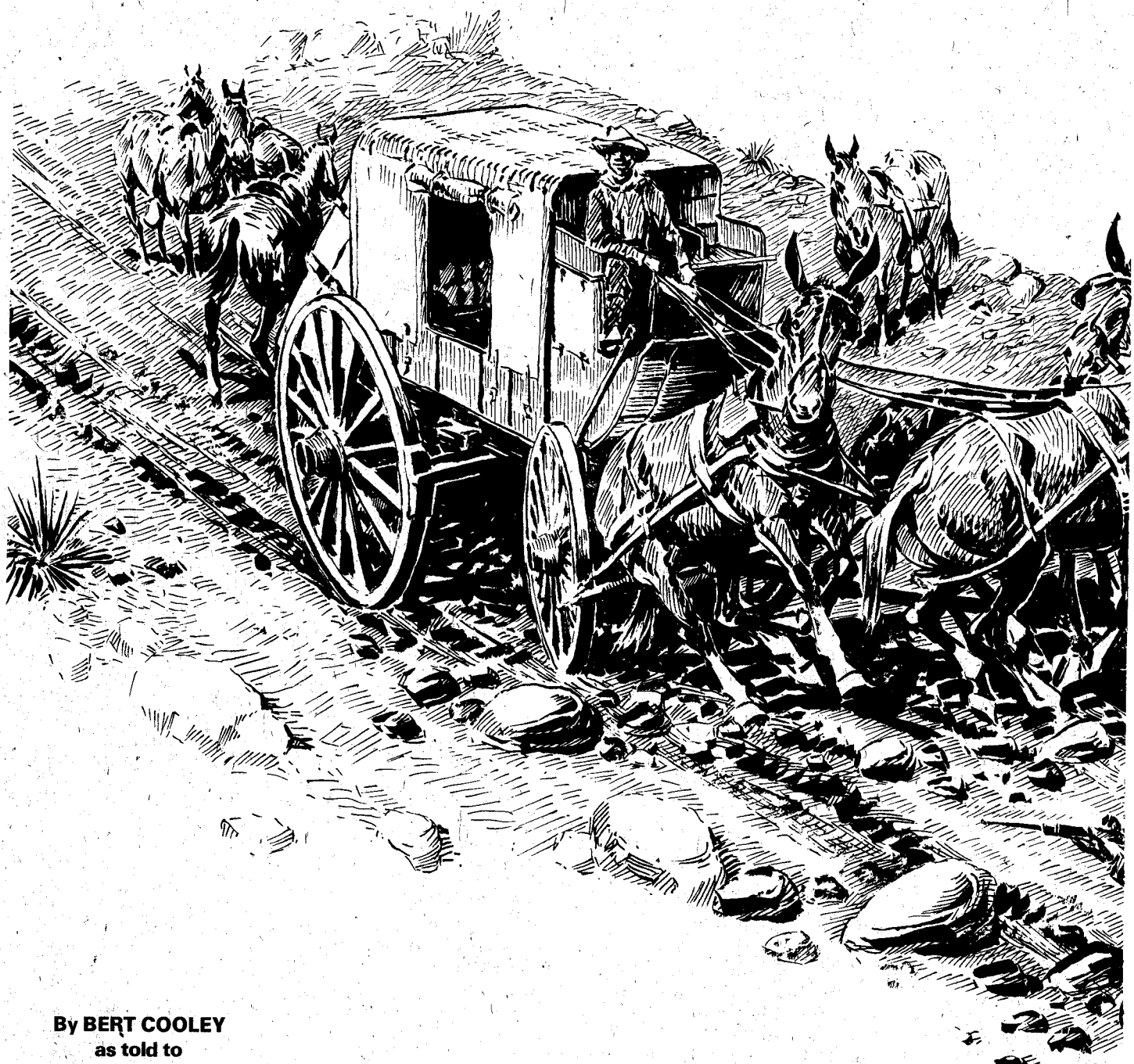
Here's a third-hand confession of a cowboy's misstep

Robbing an Army Mud Wagon



By BERT COOLEY
as told to
EMMA COOLEY HURLEY
submitted by
HOWARD M. MECK

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

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Explanatory Note from Howard Meck: The story I have put together is true as far as I know. I had a great-aunt named Emma Hurley who ran a boarding house and rented rooms at 317 South Tejon Street in Colorado Springs from the early 1900s to about 1942 at which time she passed away. She had one brother, Bertram Cooley, who was one year older than she, born in 1869.

My great-aunt married Timothy J. Hurley at age seventeen. Tim was a railroad man who worked for the Denver and Rio Grande railroad. The story concerns Bert Cooley, her brother. He started working on cattle ranches when he was sixteen years old. Then he teamed up with a friend by the name of Charley Gross and they went in the business of hunting and killing mountain lions for the bounty offered by the Cattlemens Association. This didn't last long as the Association soon lifted the bounty, and the job didn't pay anymore. This is where the story starts.

My Aunt Emma used to write a column for the Colorado Springs *Gazette* on social happenings and decided to write a story about her brother. However it was never published, or maybe for some reason she never submitted it. Upon her death in 1942 I came into possession of it. So I have put it down as she wrote it, and you can accept it for what it is worth. The story was told to her by her brother Bert in the winter of 1889. The only change I made was to stipulate Arizona as Arizona and New Mexico as New Mexico; Bert referred to both in a broad sense as "Indian Territory," and of course to him they undoubtedly seemed so.

CHARLIE GROSS and myself had spent the last year and a half hunting and killing mountain cats for the Cattlemens Association. They paid us five dollars for every one we killed. In order to collect we had to bring in a pair of ears from each cat. The pumas had been killing many calves and even yearlings. As the winter of 1888 made tracking cats in the mountains almost impossible and the fact that we heard that the bounty would be lifted, we decided to look for work elsewhere. The cost of feeding three horses and three hounds plus ourselves found us, just about broke by the end of February 1889.

Charlie heard that a man by the name of Gregg owned a large ranch and hundreds of cattle and was going to start an early roundup about the first of April. However his place was near Lordsburg, New Mexico which meant a long ride as we were staying at my sister's boarding house in Colorado Springs.

On the second of March we saddled up and packed our provisions on the old mare we had used as a pack horse,

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and set out for New Mexico. Although it was still cold and the mountains were still covered with snow it was good to be back on the trail again. Charlie's three hounds were trailing along with us. These dogs had treed many a cat but Charlie said we would have to sell them to a man he knew near Pueblo who had wanted to buy them from him.

That evening we arrived at John Ricardo's, the man who wanted the dogs. John raised chickens and turkeys which he sold in the market in Pueblo and needed these dogs to get rid of the coyotes that came around now and then and helped themselves to a chicken or turkey. We spent the night with John and he and Charlie worked out a deal on the dogs. Charlie wanted $25 each for the dogs but ended up taking $50 and a Colt Lightning rifle of .32-20 caliber in excellent condition.

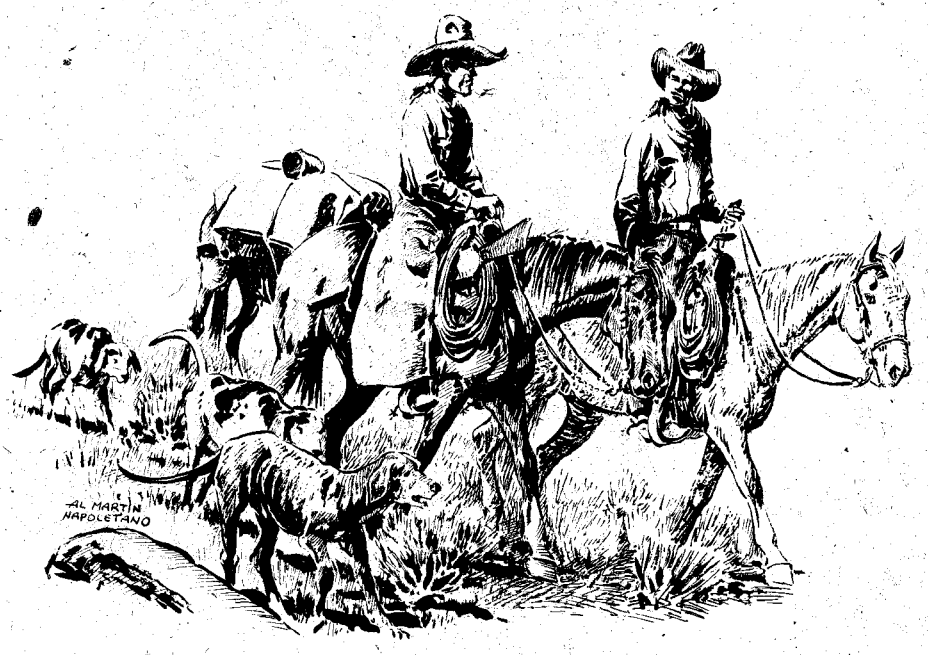
The next morning we left and with tears in his eyes, Charlie bid his dogs goodbye. They sure set up a howl in the barn as we rode off. We made it to Walsenburg, Colorado that night. Charlie, who was very talkative, didn't say a dozen words all day. I guess he was grieving over the dogs. We went into a store and bought some food and about twenty bags of Bull Durham which we both smoked. We paid a man at the livery stable twenty-five cents each to feed our horses, and he let us sleep in an empty stall. We unrolled our bedrolls and were soon asleep.

The next morning we were up early and went to a restaurant run by a Mexican woman and had breakfast which cost us twenty cents each. We then saddled up and were on our way to Raton Pass and Raton, New Mexico. As we crossed the Pass there was still four or five inches of snow on the ground. We found a nice place to camp for the night, built a fire and set up camp.

I was awakened by a shot the next morning. Charlie had got up early, spotted a deer, and shot it with his rifle. We cut out a nice portion and cooked some for our breakfast and kept some to eat later on. We saddled up and headed for Raton, arriving there about noon. We watered our horses, filled our canteens, had a bite to eat and headed for Santa Fe. This was a long stretch and took us two and a half days of riding to reach it.

Santa Fe was a beautiful city compared to the towns we had been through. We decided to rest up a day and give our horses a rest and some good grain for a change. Also Nellie, our pack mare, had developed a loose shoe which had to be replaced. That night we went out on the town and enjoyed ourselves thoroughly. The next day we were saddled, packed, and ready to leave on the next leg of our trip to Albuquerque. This trip took us two days. Water was scarce and the land looked almost like a desert. The only living things we saw were lizards and horned toads.

ALBUQUERQUE was a sorry looking place, nothing but a cluster of adobe huts and a couple of cantinas. The only structure that looked like some care had been taken with its construction was a Catholic Church. The town was about 95% Mexican and we ordered a supper at one of the cantinas. We ordered beer which was warm and flat-tasting, and were served frijoles, enchiladas, and a green vegetable. Everything was spiced so hot we were almost afraid to go to the toilet out back the next morning. We packed up and left without ordering breakfast.



At this place we crossed the Rio Grande on a ferry operated by an old Mexican. The ferry was made of wood and pulled by ropes and a cable stretched across the river. The cost was seventy-five cents for ourselves and the three horses.

The next leg of our journey took four days, however we followed the river all the way to Las Cruces. We camped out each night under the stars. On the third day I got in a lucky shot and killed an antelope which gave us a break from bacon, beans and biscuits.

We came to a small town about twenty-five miles from Las Cruces and a jasper we met there told us that to continue on towards Las Cruces would put us way out of our way and to take a southwesterly course to Deming and this would save us about fifty miles on our way to Lordsburg. Part of the way was by a trail and the rest was a wagon road. We made this ride in less than a day. At Deming we had to cross another mountain range, which included the Continental Divide. However it was a wagon road and we made good time.

Arriving in Lordsburg about noon the next day, we inquired about the location of the Gregg Ranch which was located some ten miles from town. We then got a room in a hotel, took a bath, and changed our clothes so that we would be presentable when applying for work the next day.

We rode out to the ranch the next morning and met Tom Gregg. He hired us right away and told us to find a couple of spare bunks in the bunkhouse and throw our bedrolls on them. He said he was paying two dollars a day plus board for gathering up his cows. When the roundup was over we would be laid off as he already had a full permanent crew.

Although he was not quite ready to start rounding up his cattle he was in the process of building two holding pens. After we had some grub in the cook shack he took us out to where the pens were being built. Each one enclosed about an acre and a half of ground. Posts were put down and poles were then wired to the posts with three rails to each section. There were only seven men working on the corrals but he told us that five more were over in the breaks cutting posts and poles. After about three days we had completed the holding pens. In the meantime he hired two more men, Ben Klackring and an Indian by the name of Lockjaw. That is what we called him as no one could remember his name or even pronounce it.

As soon as the pens were finished we

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Photo courtesy
Howard M. Meck

Photo taken in Denver in 1891 shows: Charlie Gross (left), Bert Cooley (top), Emma Cooley (right), and Alice Gross (bottom center).

made ready to start the gathering of the herd. Tom put the new men with one of his old hands as they knew the country better. I was teamed up with a fellow by the name of Slim Watkins. The only time I saw Charlie after that was in the bunkhouse or at lunch time.

Our day was from sunup to sundown and it was rough going. Each morning we would go out, gather as many cows and calves as we could find, drive them into the pens, grab some coffee or whatever the cook and his flunky brought out, change horses and do the same thing in the afternoon. I had torn my legs and jeans to pieces until one of the old crew loaned me a pair of leather chaps to wear. The damn critters would hide out in the thickest patches of cactus and chaparral they could get into and we had to go in and haze them out.

At night we were so tired we ate our supper, washed up, and turned in. This was a seven-day-a-week job; however we made no afternoon drive on Sunday. We spent this time repairing our gear or doing whatever we chose to do. At the Sunday evening meal we always had apple or peach cobbler which the cook made from dried fruit.

ABOUT the first of April we were finished and paid off. Charlie and I each drew $62 plus an extra $5 which old man Gregg gave us as a bonus.

That night Charlie and I talked about going to Tucson, Arizona which was about a two days' ride. Ben and Lockjaw said they would like to go along with us so we all agreed to leave the next day. That was one hot ride but there was a good wagon road between Lordsburg and Tucson. We arrived in Tucson late in the afternoon of the third day after crossing another range of mountains.

Tucson was a wild place. The town was filled with saloons, gambling houses, and brothels. There were a lot of miners in town every night, drinking and raising hell. We put our horses up in a livery, cleaned up, and went out to see the sights. We stopped in one saloon that had about five girls who put on a dancing and singing act in hardly any clothes, but we enjoyed their show.

On the third day we were there a fight started in a saloon between two men who were very drunk. One pulled his pistol and shot the other. We didn't stay around to see whether he lived or died.

The man where we had our horses told us that a man by the name of Norris, or Norton, needed some good men, so we packed up and left for Safford where he was located. That evening we pulled into the town of Bonito. Bonito means beautiful in Spanish but it was just a pile of

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shacks, dance halls, saloons, and cribs, each one with a girl in it. These girls were black, white, Mexican and a few Chinese. The best way to travel down that street was to stay in the middle or they grabbed you by the arm and tried to drag you in to their nest. Fort Grant was just a couple of miles away. Bonita was the answer to the soldiers' needs and the town was full. Half of the soldiers were white and half were black. We had to settle for an old rundown shack to spend the night, which cost us a dollar. We found that it was payday for the soldiers which accounted for the town being filled.

Built on to the shack we were in was another room where a poker game was in progress. We figured that we would not get much sleep if it continued. The wall was thin and we could hear everything that was said. Just as we were getting ready to settle down, a black woman knocked on our door and came in without being invited. She asked us if we would like to join the game. We told her we had very little money and were on our way to get a job in Safford. Ben had got in a game in Tucson and lost most of what he had left that old man Gregg had paid him.

We were just settled down again for a little rest when she came back. She had a lantern with her and asked us how we would like to make more money in one day than we could earn in five or ten years punching cows. We told her to come back in the morning and give us the details.

THE next morning she was there bright and early. She told us that the paymaster at the Fort was leaving the next day for Fort Thomas with a $40,000 payroll in gold and it would be a cinch to get it. She told us that she was married to a black soldier at the fort and had been washing clothes to help out with their expenses and saw a way for all of us to make a big haul. Her husband would be driving the mud wagon that was hauling the paymaster and there would be six or eight black soldiers as guards riding along on horseback. They would all be in on the holdup and even if they returned our fire they would shoot to miss. We were to give them half the gold in return.

She went on to explain that we were to ride about three or four miles beyond Safford. There we would find the road winding down through a steep cut with a high rocky bank on one side and a drop off on the other. We could build a barricade to stop the wagon and then hold up the paymaster, as the road would not afford any place to go until the barricade was removed.

After we had breakfast we saddled up and moved on towards Safford. The woman told us that as soon as we got the gold we were to head southwest toward a range of mountains but before we reached the mountains we would be intercepted by a black man and an Indian. We were to give the black man half of the gold, and the Indian would guide us through the mountains and once on the other side we would have clear sailing all the way to Mexico.

As we rode along up the valley we discussed our chances of pulling it off. Ben was all for it and he convinced Charlie it was worth the risk. Lockjaw, the Indian, had no comment. I told them we would have the whole U.S. Army after us as soon as the word got out. However at last we decided to see it through. We avoided Safford and only saw two men on the road all day. We arrived at the spot described by the wench, rode up over the ridge and made camp for the night. We ate a cold meal as we did not want to build a fire. We piled up rocks and made ourselves a place to get behind along the bank on the edge of the road. We then hobbled the horses and turned in for the night.

The next morning we got up and built a small fire to boil some coffee. Ben went up on top of the bank to see if anyone was coming, and reported everything clear. We decided not to roll any boulders down on the road until we could see the wagon coming, as other people might pass by. We could not see very far down the hill as the road made a bend and disappeared behind the bank. However we could see about two miles back the way we had come.

We then sat down to wait. Two men went by on horses but didn't notice us. Noon came, getting hotter all the time, but still no wagon. We were almost ready to pack up and leave when Lockjaw, who was on lookout, spotted a cloud of dust coming down the road. As soon as he saw it was a mud wagon with soldiers we rolled the boulders down on the road. We then took our rifles and got behind the stones we had piled up for protection.

As soon as the wagon came in sight we saw two black soldiers in front and six following behind. When they came to the boulders the two in front dismounted and motioned for those behind to come up and help. As soon as they all started to roll the rocks off the road we opened fire over their heads. They scrambled over the bank for cover. Some started shooting back at us but others had left their guns in the saddle scabbards behind the wagon. We shot three of the mules that were hitched to the wagon to keep them from going on down the hill. Horses stampeded, some going back up the hill as others went on down.

Two men jumped out of the mud wagon and ran down the hill and around the bend. When they left, most of the soldiers also went down and around the bend. But one had taken cover behind the wagon and continued firing at us. Ben let out a yell when he was hit in the upper part of his arm. This made him mad as hell so he took careful aim and hit the soldier in the leg. The soldier then took off after the others around the bend, dragging one leg as he went.

Charlie said, "Let's get the gold and clear out of here." We left Ben and the Indian to keep the soldiers pinned down and went down to the wagon to get the gold which was in a strong box made of heavy oak with iron bands around it. We drug the box part way up the bank but couldn't get it open. We sent the Indian to get the axe off the pack horse and spent about ten minutes chopping it open. There were four bags made of canvas in the box. Each one of us took a bag, scrambled up the bank and tied the gold to our saddles and headed toward the mountain.

AFTER about six or eight miles we saw the Negro and the Indian waiting for us. We stopped and the Negro asked for half the gold. By this time Ben's arm was hurting and he drew his pistol and covered the Negro and told him he would only get one bag as they were not supposed to shoot to hit us. Ben showed him his arm where he was hit. He said to take one bag or a bullet, it made no difference to him.

We gave him one bag, finally, and took the cylinder from his gun and gave the Indian three $20 gold pieces to guide us across the mountains. On our way along the mountain trails Nellie, our pack horse, lost a shoe and went lame. We divided up some of the stuff she was carrying, buried the rest, and turned her loose. We rode on late into the night before making camp. Then we divided up the gold in the bags and found that each one only had about $5,150 so there could not have been $40,000 on the wagon as the black woman had told us. The next day we made it to the river, bid the guide farewell, and crossed into Mexico.

We struck due east on the Mexican side of the river and found this to be the roughest land we had traveled so far. We came to a little village after two days and found a Mexican doctor to look after Ben's arm that was now giving him a lot of pain and trouble. Ben and the Indian decided to hole up there for a while until his arm healed, so Charlie and I parted with them and rode on east to El Paso. We never did see Ben again.

After crossing at El Paso we rested a few days in a hotel and then headed north to Roswell. Charlie had a friend

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in Roswell and we spent about three months with him before heading for Colorado. While we were in Roswell we heard that they had arrested some Mormons and charged them with the robbery of the army paymaster. It was a great relief to me to learn that the Mormons had been released due to lack of evidence.

We had spent some time helping George Remlar around his ranch. We didn't think it advisable to spend too much of our gold as this might arouse suspicion so we just took it easy and had a good time on Saturday nights with the senoritas of which there was an ample supply in Roswell.

About the first of September we decided to leave for Colorado. We rode to Santa Fe, sold our horses and saddles, then took the train back to Denver. I spent a couple of days with Charlie and his wife, who didn't receive him very warmly. However when he gave her $500 in gold and told her to go buy some new clothes she became a loving wife again.

I then took the Denver and Rio Grande back to Colorado Springs and gave my sister Emma $500 for keeping me the previous winter. She wanted to know where I came by all the money and I told her from playing poker.

I spent that winter, the next summer, and the following winter in the Springs and by early in the spring of 1891 I was broke and looking for a job. I got a letter from Charlie saying he had lined up a good job for us and to come to Denver and he would explain it. Emma went up with me to Denver to do some shopping.

Charlie said he had met a fellow that was half owner in a silver mine in Caldwell, Idaho. The miners were giving the owners trouble and some had already walked off the job and he would like for us to go there as mine guards at $6.00 a day which was good pay. Emma went back to the Springs and Charlie and I signed up as guards. Mr. Morris paid our fare to Caldwell.

So ended Bert's story. And his life would end soon — just as abruptly. In June of 1891 my Great-Aunt Emma received a wire from Charlie Gross telling her that Bert had been killed in a gunfight with the miners and that he was sending Bert's belongings to her. For many years I had Bert's rifle which Emma gave me just a couple of months before she passed away. The rifle was a model 1885 Colt Lightning in .38-40 caliber. Several years ago my home was broken into while we were away and the rifle was stolen along with other things.

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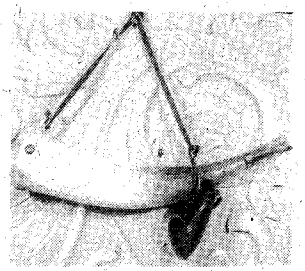

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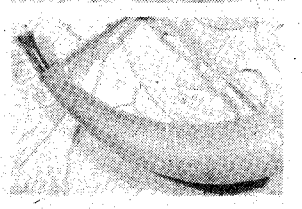

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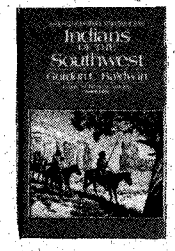

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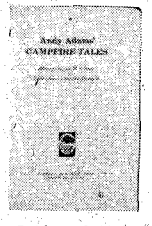

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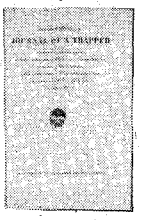

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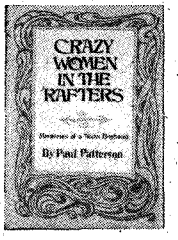

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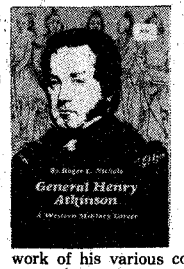

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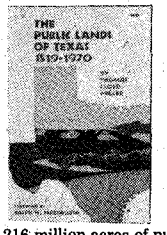

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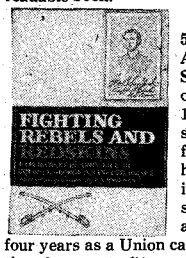

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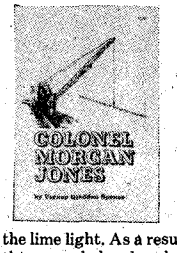

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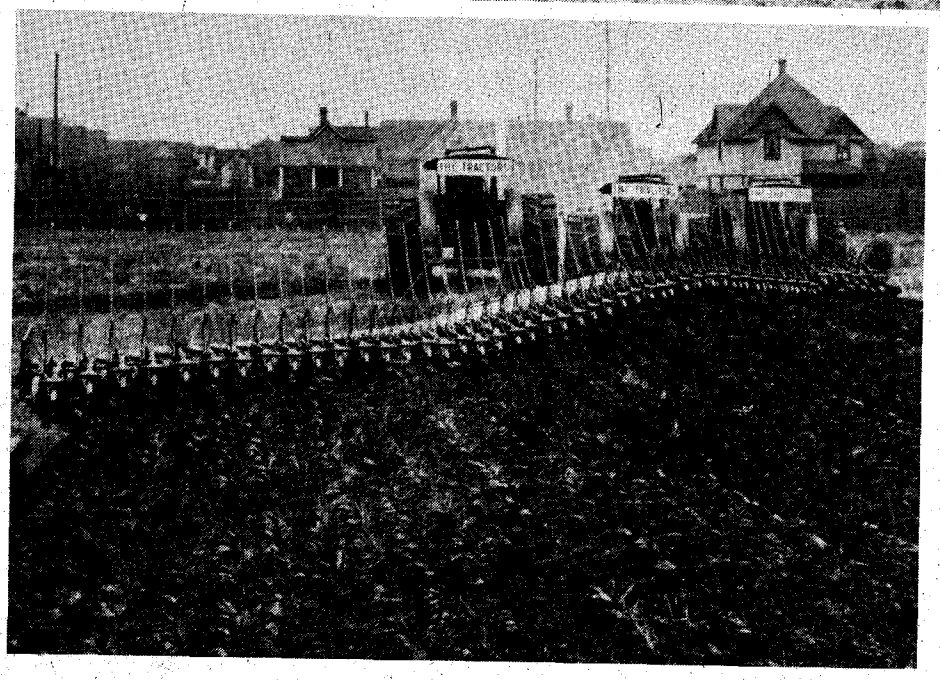
It was ahead of its time — gasoline put it out of business

Glenbow Photograph, Calgary, Alberta



Above: Three 30-horse Avery undermounts pulling ten plows and packers. Left: Three 45-90 International Moguls pulling a 55 bottom 14-inch gang plow.

By ART FEE

Photos provided by author

Three 30-60 Rumley Oil Pull tractors pulling a 50 bottom 14-inch gang plow.

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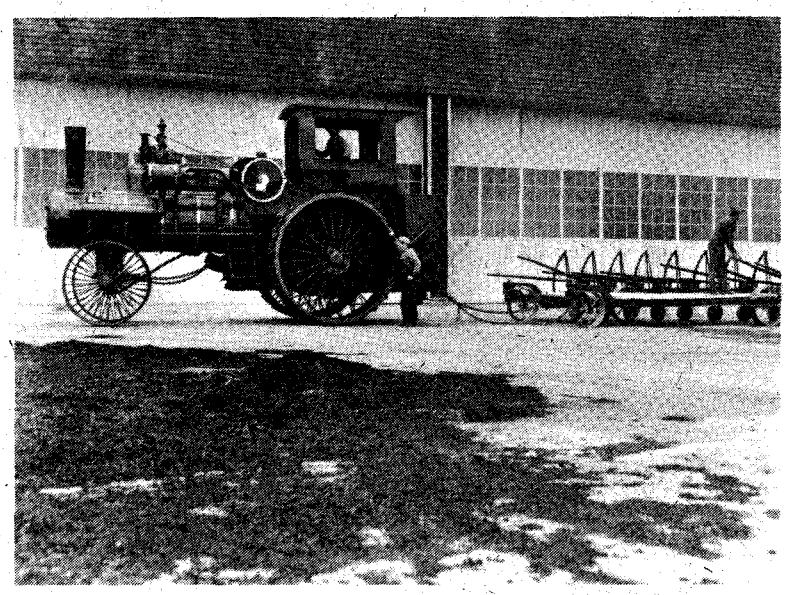
SHORT REIGN OF THE STEAM TRACTOR



A 110 Case and 12 bottom gang plow.

IT was after the buffalo had gone and the open range had been divided into quarter sections that the homesteader moved in with the plow. A man with three oxen and a 12-inch plow could break two acres of prairie sod in a day.

Some enterprising individual saw the need for more horsepower and bought a steam tractor. That is when huge smoke-belching machines first made their appearance on the plains. They were like oxen in that they could run "off the land" — wood, coal or straw for fuel; water for steam; and beef tallow for cyclinder oil and grease.

The tractors came in various horsepower and sizes. For comparison, let's take one make and size. The 110 Case was a very popular big tractor. It developed 110 horsepower on the belt and 32 horsepower on the drawbar. It would easily pull far more than 32 heavy draft horses could. It pulled 12- and 14-inch plows in sod which would be a good load for 45 horses. The same tractor would pull twenty 14-inch plows in stubble (land that had been plowed before). This was considered a load for 50 horses.

The drive wheels on this tractor were seven feet in diameter, and with extension rims each wheel would be four feet wide and weigh over two tons. It had a locomotive-type boiler (the same as a train locomotive), and a simple engine. It weighed 42,000 pounds and sold for $4,200. This engine today in good working condition with a fair steam pressure will sell for $50,000 to steam buffs. These engines varied in horsepower from 10 to a 150 and varied in size according to horsepower.

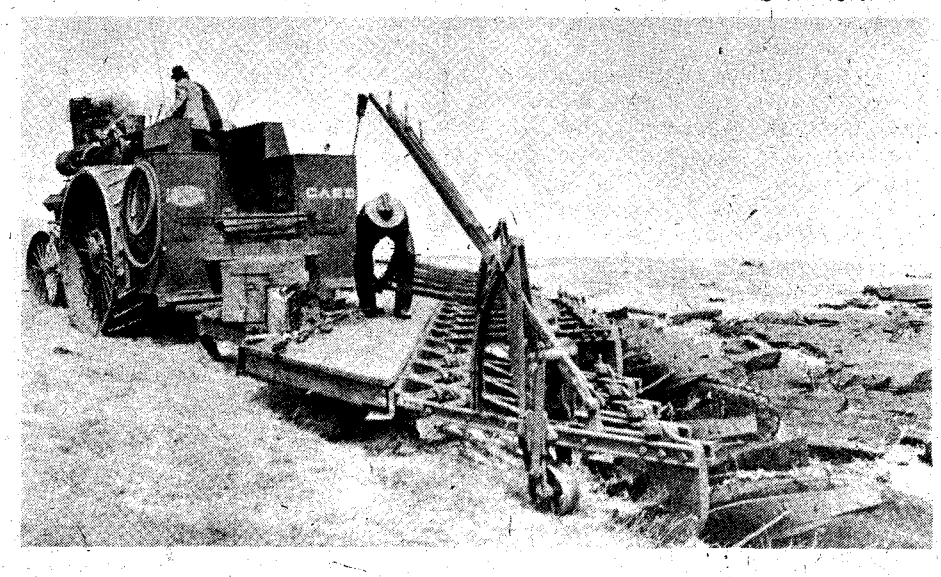
The engines had no gear boxes. They ran as well in reverse as forward. The only way to increase the ground speed was to speed up the engine. Steam motors turned very slowly in comparison to the gas motor; 250 to 300 would be top revolutions, giving the tractor a maximum ground speed of three miles an hour. As a result of this slow motion, many steam tractors gave fifty years of continuous service.

In breaking prairie sod a tractor of this size would burn 80 to 100 pounds of coal an acre. In a good day it would burn two tons of coal and use between 2,500 and 3,000 gallons of water.

TO KEEP a plowing outfit this size going required a crew of five men and two teams of horses. An engineer, a fireman to keep up steam and lever the plows in and out of the ground, a tank man to haul water, a man to haul the coal, and if the boss was not a blacksmith he hired one to sharpen the

A 110 Case pulling a 12 bottom gang plow breaking prairie sod.

Glenbow Photograph, Calgary, Alberta



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plowshares as they needed to be changed every day. Some crews carried their own cook car. The cook was usually the wife of one of the crew.

In grain country threshing time was the big event of the year. Extra help was needed and most of the railroads ran harvest excursions. Grain was cut with binders and tied into bundles, which were set up in shocks. When the grain was dry and hard enough to thresh, the engineer steamed up his tractor, hooked it on to the separator, tied the cook car on behind, and headed for the field with the rest of the outfit following.

The average steam outfit employed eight to twelve bundle teams, depending on the size of the separator. Added to these were the engineer, fireman, tank man, separator man, cook, coal flunky and two to four extra bundle pitchers.

The first man up was the fireman. He blew his whistle at 5:00 A.M., and at 6:00 the engineer opened the throttle and four men began throwing bundles into the separator. A big outfit would thresh 4,500 bushels of wheat or 14,000 bushels of oats in a day.

One of the most impressive sights ever witnessed was a big steam outfit in action — an engine throwing a plume of smoke into the blue, and a steady stream of yellow straw coming from the blower, and the crew moving in fast coordination.

The span of life for the steam tractor was very short — about 35 years, from 1890 to 1925. There were several reasons for the tractors' demise. No doubt the greatest was the oil companies: steamers didn't burn gas. Another reason was that it took three men to run a steamer; an engineer with steam papers (to run a steam engine a man had to fire an engine three seasons then take a government exam and pass it); a fireman; and at least one man to haul water and fuel. In contrast, anyone who wanted to could run a gas tractor; he certainly didn't have to pass an exam.

The gas tractors in those days were far less maneuverable, just as large, and far less dependable than the steamers, but they burned gasoline and we had lots of it then.

The best piece of advertising launched to introduce the gas tractor was the big plow deal. The Rumley Machine Company had the Oliver Plow Company assemble a 50-bottom 14-inch gang plow. In the spring of 1911 at the Purdue University demonstration grounds this plow was pulled with three 30-60 oil pull tractors and blackened a strip of stubble 58 feet 4 inches wide.

The International Harvester Company, not to be outdone, had the Oliver Company assemble a 55-bottom plow, and in November of the same year, at South Bend, Indiana, they hooked three of their big gas 45-90s to it and plowed a strip of ground 64 feet 2 inches wide. This kind of promotion helped put gas tractors on the map.

Any acreage of any size now, is farmed with gas tractors. The only place a steam tractor can be seen now is in an agriculture museum or in the yard of some steam buff. They have gone the way of the buffalo.

HOSSTAIL'S SMALL TALK

(Continued from page 3)

back all this time. But my good intentions haven't helped heal the sore in my mind over the wrong I've done. Nor have they helped warm Alexander's bare shanks when the wind blew cold.

It is good, sometimes, for a man to bare his sins, especially when they get to pressing down on him like mine are now. Several times I've gone to bed with my conscience goosing me far into the night. Once or twice I've decided to get up, put on my clothes, and go return Alexander's longhandles. However, on second thought, I'd imagine how silly I'd look delivering a man's drawers to him at 1:30 in the night nearly three years after he'd misplaced them. It wouldn't have looked dignified.

But I don't intend going through life dodging down dark alleys when I see Alexander coming toward me on the street. I don't plan on continuing with these panicky situations conjured up in a guilty mind, to wit: What would I do if Alexander should have occasion to open a certain bureau drawer while visiting me? Nor do I relish the job of reassuring myself that every policeman passing the house certainly could not have a warrant to recover Alexander's underwear.

So, today I made the supreme sacrifice. It is Christmas Eve. I'm sending Alexander's longhandles back. It isn't without a pang of regret, I'll admit. I have fought the evil influence of the devil all through this discourse. I have stifled the temptation to tear this confession from the typewriter, crumple it gleefully, and watch it go up in flames. Then, forever, I could keep to myself the mystery of Alexander's longhandles. Also, I could keep the drawers.

But I had a job to do, and I did it. I folded them neatly and I'm sending the drawers back — minus three years of comfortable wear, of course. I left them with a delivery service to be carried out to Alexander's first thing in the morning. On a card enclosed I typed simply: "You may not recognize these, but they belong to you. They sure are good drawers."

I didn't have the heart to sign my name. There are some things a man can't do. For the rest of my life I'll probably wonder if my friend knows who sent him those drawers. He'll never mention it if he does. Alexander's like that.

I hope nobody ever leaves any longhandles in my car again, especially warm ones. I would hate to have another struggle with the devil. It isn't fun.

Tonight, at last, I shall go to sleep with a clear mind, a peaceful conscience. When the Christmas bells ring in the morning, I can feel just as pure as anyone else — for the first time in three years. Alexander's longhandles will no longer be hiding amid the wild disarray of my wardrobe of outdoor clothing.

They will be at Alexander's. — Hosstail.

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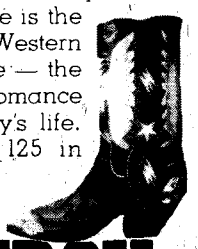

The COWBOY CATALOG

by SANDRA KAUFFMAN

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TRULY WESTERN

(Continued from page 7)

like Lessa Evans. Tom Evans, Bob Dalton, and Grat Dalton are the names that follow.

In one of the other photos the boys are listed as Tim Evans, Bob Dalton, Grat Dalton and Dick Broadwell. These photos were made after the men were dead. In one picture they are being held up on their feet by a number of men while pictures were taken. Bob and Grat's heads are steadied by a hand behind each head, holding their head up by their hair. In another pic-

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ture they are laid straight out with their heads braced against a wall.

I also have a picture of "Death Alley" where the horses were tied, and the Coffeyville bank shot full of holes. "Nearly 300 bullet holes fired by the citizens and bandits" is written on top of the picture.

The jail building where the bandits were held overnight is yet in another picture. It looks very solid, cold, morbid, without windows, with heavy steel doors and only slits in the stone to look out of. I'm sure it was a very unhealthy building to be in for any length of time.

Ever since I've had these pictures in my possession the story has interested me. I've never seen the pictures published. Maybe they are too gory.

I receive all three of your magazines and enjoy the stories. — Eileen Spencer, 638 E. Angeleno, #D, Burbank, California 91501

In the Coffeyville bank holdup Bob and Grat Dalton and Bill Powers and Dick Broadwell were killed. Only Emmett survived. This happened on October 5, 1892. Emmett was sent to prison for life but was pardoned after fourteen years, and lived until 1937.

Regarding the photos — the most usual shot is Tom (or Tim) Evans; Bob Dalton, Grat Dalton, and Dick Broadwell — in that order. "Evans" was an alias for Bill Powers and that's what causes the confusion.

Oregon Through New York Eyes

I just read "The Grave of the Woman" in the August issue. I found this to be of particular interest as I have also "searched" the supposed area where the Blue Bucket of gold was supposed to be. This was one of the lost treasures I looked into on my trip out West last fall.

The area I looked into was south of Wagontire, some distance from Adel, Oregon. It was in between the vicinity of Rabbit and Coyote Hills in that area.

I had purchased topographical maps of that area from the U.S. Government Survey and used it for orientation. I had the good sense to take a canteen of water with me on my little trek as I was completely unaccustomed to the West and the terrain there.

It was with the greatest trepidation that I envisioned meeting with a rattlesnake in the areas I tromped through. But tromp I did, as I wanted to be in the places I have read about.

As you might guess, I found no gold. Perhaps it was there and maybe I crossed it. In all honesty I wouldn't have known the difference. For gold to me is what I've seen in the finished product. Gold in quartz or small nuggets heaved out from the earth are not exactly what is found in the jewelers' windows.

At this point in time (less than a year has passed) the finding of the "Blue Bucket Gold" is really as irrelevant today as it was then. The important thing was not only searching for it, but, far more important, living a part of the past and being a participant in the West's heritage and history by being in the area where it took place. — David A. Rabert, RD 8, Box 235, Binghamton, New York 13901

Siringo at Caldwell

I enjoyed reading Bill O'Neals "Caldwell — The Border Queen" in the October issue of *True West*. Pictures of the model of the town are especially worthwhile. I was surprised however, that Mr. O'Neal made no mention of one of Caldwell's better known citizens, Charles A. Siringo, who probably wrote *A Texas Cowboy* at Caldwell.

Siringo quit working for the LX Ranch on September 1, 1883, having recently married, and opened a business at Caldwell where, he says, he spent "two years and a half as a successful businessman" so that the success "swelled his head" and he thought he was "a natural born financier."

Photographs facing page 118 of *Riata and Spurs* show "Charlie Siringo's Store and Ice-Cream and Oyster Parlor" in Caldwell and a sign that hung over the bridge across Bluff Creek. The sign, an oil painting, shows a mounted cowboy with a longhorn steer at the end of his rope. It reads, "Oklahoma Boomer Cigars at Charlie Siringo's."

I have already read the galley proofs of a biography of Siringo, which I hope will be published early in 1981 by Twayne Publishers (G. K. Hall and Co.) of Boston. — Orlan Sawey, P.O. Box 163, Bryson City, North Carolina 28713

Author's reply: I'm aware of Siringo's sojourn in Caldwell. He was a colorful character, and perhaps I should have described his Caldwell period in the article. Siringo, of course, had known Caldwell City Marshal Henry Brown during the late 1870s in the Texas Panhandle, and they renewed their acquaintance in the Border Queen during the 1880s. I've written about Siringo in this connection in *Henry Brown, Outlaw Marshal*, which is scheduled to be released by the Creative Publishing Company in November. — Bill O'Neal

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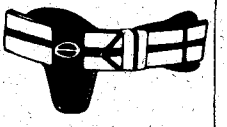
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Wild Old Days!

NEZ PERCE DICTIONARY

By Gladys M. Campbell

WHEN Sue McBeth's "Nez Perce Language Dictionary," now the property of the Smithsonian Institution, was being shipped there on August 14, 1893, the boilers of the steamboat *Annie Faxon* exploded and left this work of a lifetime floating down the Snake River.

Sue McBeth had come to the Nez Perce Reservation as a government teacher and missionary in 1873. She took over the Presbyterian Mission there shortly after Henry Spalding's death in 1874 and continued working with the Indians until her own death in 1893.

Soon after arriving at the Reservation, Aunt Sue, as she was affectionately known, began learning the language and compiling the Nez Perce words with their English equivalents. For twenty years she carefully recorded the patterns of speech, spending many hours at the task even though she had a full schedule.

Her original manuscript contains 1,660 pages of foolscap size paper and is made up of a section of grammar which includes the conjugation of verbs, comparison of adjectives, declension of nouns, etc. It shows that the Nez Perce had a well developed language before it became infiltrated with English words. The remainder of the dictionary are listings of some 15,000 Nez Perce words with their English equivalents.

The first eight pages were compiled and sent to the Smithsonian in 1875. The director of the Bureau of Ethnology wrote in 1893: ". . . my advice is that Miss S.L. McBeth's English-Nez Perce Dictionary should be secured by all means for the library of the B.o.E. or that of the Smithsonian Institution . . . it will at least be of immense advantage to any future student of that extremely polysynthetic Northwestern language. The *verbal paradigm* remitted by Miss McBeth years ago . . . is done up after antiquated notions, but when printed would nevertheless be a safe guide to any scientific linguist able to appreciate its suggestions."

After Sue McBeth's death in 1893, her sister Kate McBeth carried on a correspondence with the Smithsonian concerning the manuscript her sister had willed to them. They advised Kate to send the unfinished manuscript as it was, rather than waiting to do more work on it, as they thought they could finish it there.

KATE, making plans for a trip East, decided she would deliver it in person to the Washington officials. But when she started out on her trip, she found the thick manuscript burdensome. At Lewiston, Idaho, knowing that steamboat service had been resumed from there down the river, she decided to ship it. It would go on the *Annie Faxon* to Riparia, Washington and then be transferred to the Union Pacific Railroad for delivery to Washington, D.C.

Later that year, she wrote a letter to a friend in Portland, Oregon. It was published in the paper. In it she said, "I took the precious box of Manuscript and put it in care of the expressman with many charges, for my sister prized it above all other earthly things."

She had spent the Sabbath in Lewiston, and started out the next morning by stage. In the same letter she said, ". . . at four o'clock Monday morning I was seated in the stage bound for Uniontown. We had to wait for the Clearwater ferry man to come over for us. While waiting, the ill-fated *Annie Faxon* shot out from her landing, headed down the Clearwater not far from us. The boat was to make connections at Riparia with the Union Pacific R.R. I can see it yet in the gray dawn."

The next day on the train she bought a paper from the newsboy, passing through, and the first thing she saw was the headlines: THE ANNIE FAXON BLOWN TO PIECES — boat a total wreck.

Left: Kate McBeth. Below: Kate McBeth with some Nez Perce friends.

Idaho Historical Society Photos

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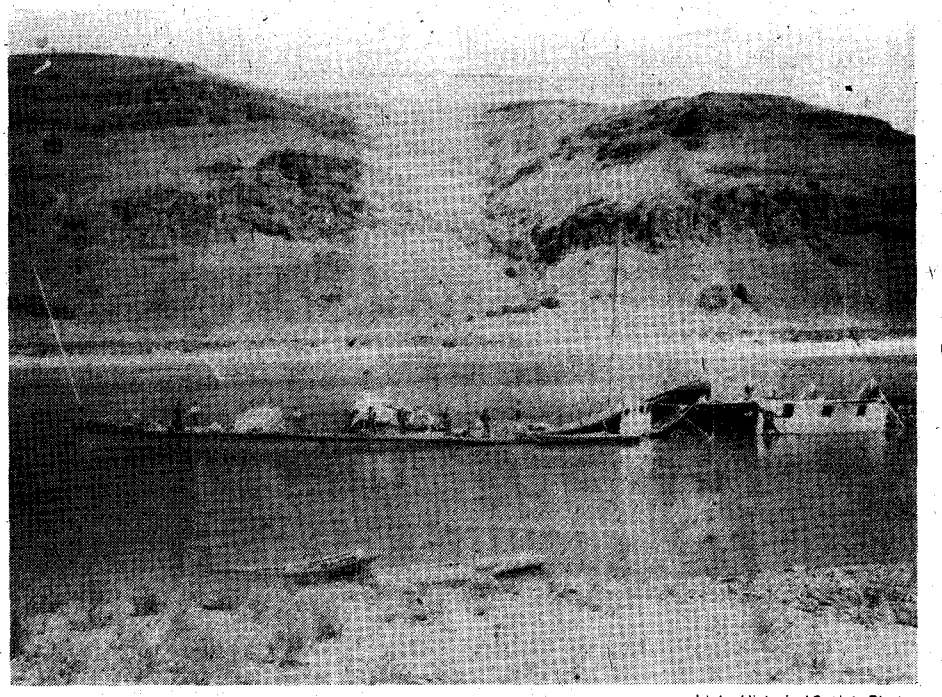

Idaho Historical Society Photo

The steamboat wreck of the *Annie Faxon* a short distance below Almota, Washington Captain H.C. Baughman was in command when her boiler exploded, killing eight people. August 14, 1893.

"You may imagine I had food for thought that day. *Wrecked* fifty miles below Lewiston! I wrote back to Lewiston from Butte City, asking if the box was on the boat. In due time the answer reached Ohio. [Kate was visiting in her old family home at Wellsville.] 'Yes, but they hope it is not injured.' Why? How?"

It seemed a providential happening when later Kate learned it was rescued by a man who knew them well. The man was John King, who had been a clerk in the Sutler's store in Lapwai for many years. He knew Sue and Kate McBeth and of their work among the Indians on the reservation. Two years before, he had bought a ranch on the Snake River below Lewiston. He and his wife had moved to the ranch the previous spring and were raising cattle there.

One day while riding along the river bank, King noticed what looked like furniture adrift in the river. He rode out into the stream and with his long rope pulled ashore some chairs and other articles. Then he spied a red box floating down the river. He rode in as far as he could and lassoed the box, pulling it ashore. When he opened it, he found the manuscript (somewhat water-soaked).

Knowing Nez Perce very well, King immediately connected it with Sue McBeth as the language dictionary she had been compiling on the reservation.

He rode up the river some miles and found the wrecked *Annie Faxon* with her dead and wounded. The boiler had exploded, killing eight people.

King and his wife spread the wet pages of the manuscript in the attic of their cabin to dry. And the first chance he had, he sent word up the river to Lapwai. The express company, having been tipped off to King's find, sent a man to the King home to get the manuscript and send it on to its destination, where it arrived safely.

Thirty years later the historical document was lent temporarily to the people of Lapwai by the Smithsonian Institution. It was only after the intercession of Senator William Borah that they were able to secure the manuscript. He asked that they be granted this favor.

According to Smithsonian records, the manuscript was sent to Russell Webb, Lapwai, Idaho on May 24, 1926, and it was returned in November, 1927.

While it was in Lapwai, the manuscript was the subject of much discussion and interested inspection. Many people came to see it. When Mazie Crawford, successor to her Aunt Sue and Aunt Kate as missionary to the Nez Perce Indians, learned that the book was nearby, she was quick to ask whether it had been damaged excessively by the water.

She took the manuscript to her missionary school where she and her students, who were studying for the ministry, spent hours examining and studying it.

Although the dictionary has never been published, it has been carefully preserved in the Smithsonian archives and is a valuable historical document.

EARLY DAYS IN WASHINGTON

By Robert L. Dashiell
(written in 1926)
Submitted by Fay Hergesheimer

SIXTY-SIX years ago the writer of this article, then a young man in his twentieth year, decided to take Horace Greeley's advice and "Go Out West."

Starting from Eddyville, Iowa, the same town that Ezra Meeker had left eight years before, and in company with two older brothers, we left the old home on the 18th of April, 1860 to find a new home on the Pacific Coast, crossing the Missouri River at Omaha, then only a village. We were soon on the outskirts of civilized life, but at Wood River Center, 150 miles from Omaha, we were astonished to find one of the greatest witnesses of civilization, in

Photo provided by Fay Hergesheimer

Robert L. Dashiell and Orpha Ann Campbell Dashiell on their 64th wedding anniversary. They were married on August 30, 1865.

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the shape of a newspaper; a little two-paged sheet published in a tent by the roadside and it was doing a land office business selling copies at twenty-five cents each and containing the names of all that passed that week. They were sent north, east and south to friends and relatives, and right here I would say that the first man we met at what is now the city of LaGrande, Washington was a representative of the *Dallas Mountaineer*, then the only paper west of the Cascades.

After leaving Wood River, the next place we got any news was Fort Laramie. Passing through the Black Hills the Pony Express passed our train several times, and this was William F. Cody's ("Buffalo Bill's") ride. As he galloped by he would cry out the latest news, but he went so fast we had to compare notes from one end of the train to the other to get the contents. Among the things he told us was the split in the Democratic party at Charleston, South Carolina and the nomination of Lincoln at Chicago.

On arriving at Walla Walla I sent a letter to my sister living at San Francisco who forwarded it by Pony Express to Eddyville, Iowa, our place of departure.

At the last crossing of the Sweet Water River our train left the old Oregon road and took the Landers Cutoff to the northwest and on the 4th day of July we camped on Salt River, a tributary of the Snake River. The next point of interest was old Fort Hall near the present city of Pocatello. Here we had hoped the hardest part of our journey would be over, but in reality it had just begun.

At Fort Hall we again struck the old Oregon road and between this place and American Falls our cattle stampeded and one man was run over and his leg was broken.

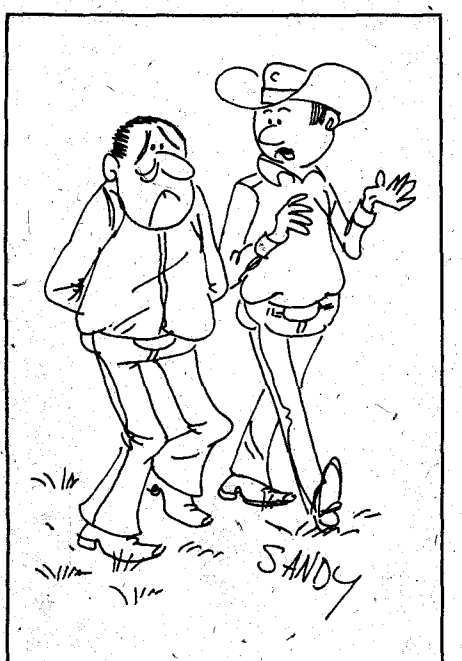
At Raft River, the Southern Oregon and California road turned to the south while the Oregon kept to the west and down the Snake River over the rocks and lava beds. The grass was short and dried up, our stock began to fail and wagons to fall to pieces.

At the Owyhee River we met two companies of the U.S. Infantry from Fort Walla Walla under Lt. Reno and Lt. Fergersen who were on their way to relieve Capt. A. J. Smith who was fighting the Indians in Montana. We camped with them that night and they told us the only place that as large a company as we could find homes was in the Grand Ronde Valley and that it was not safe for us to settle there as the Indians in that section were hostile. They also said there was very little good land between The Dalles and Walla Walla and that enough could not be raised in that whole region to supply the troops stationed there. Nearly all the settlements were west of the Cascade Mountains.

Passing to the Malheur River we by mistake got off our road and took the trail of the Meek Cutoff of 1845 but turned back after two days' travel. In two days we came to Farewell Bend and took the last look of the Snake River which we had followed since leaving Fort Hall. From this point and up the Burnt River country, past the present city of Huntington and on through the Powder River Valley we camped the 16th of August on the site of present LaGrande and, as before mentioned, met the newspaper man who said he had been sent out to meet the incoming migration; but we thought that in reality he was mighty interested in some of the pretty young women of the train.

While in camp here, Oregon's population was increased by the birth of a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Bardwell, since honored residents of Linn County, Oregon.

After two days' travel through the Blue Mountains and camping at the famous Lee's encampment on the 20th day of August, we camped at Birch Spring on the Umatilla Reservation. Here our train divided, part going on to the Willamette Valley and part to Walla Walla. At that time there was but one house between the Umatilla and Walla Walla Rivers. On the 23rd of August we made our last camp on the Walla Walla near the site of present-day Milton. At that time there was one log cabin, inhabited by a family named Bunton. Here the train disbanded. Some had friends and relatives in the Valley who had settled there the year before. As for myself, I had left my two brothers, Frank and Fred, on the Umatilla.



"It isn't your deodorant, Lex. Indians just always say 'Ugh'."

AS a lad of fifteen I had read Lewis and Clark's journal and also Dr. Whitman and was anxious to see the Walla Walla country. I must confess my first impressions coupled with what Reno had told at the Owyhee was not very favorable. That year was a very dry one and the dried-up grass was such a contrast to the green fields of Iowa that I was homesick. But I soon got work at $2.50 per day and as I had never before in my life made over fifty cents a day, I got reconciled to the situation.

At that time Walla Walla was not much of a place, but it was the only town in eastern Washington, and the U.S. Fort and its troops was the principal thing in the whole upper country. The 4th U.S. Infantry under Col. Fredrick Dent was stationed there. Many, many men of this regiment became prominent in the history of the nation and many became identified in the upholding of the future State of Washington.

In looking back over the past sixty-six years since I first came, a foot-sore emigrant, I have seen some wonderful changes from what was once considered only a stock range for a few cattlemen, to one of the finest agricultural sections in the U.S., and from the seedling mission orchards to the finest commercial orchards in the world. From not being able to feed the few government troops stationed at forts to exporting to all parts of the world millions of bushels of wheat. From the lowly oxteam and the pack horse to the railroads through every part of the country. From the time of wagon and the Indian pony to auto; from the Pony Express, which was then considered wonderful, to flying through the air across the continent in almost as many hours.

And as I wonder at all these changes, I think can the next sixty-six years be as wonderful?

BURIED ALIVE — BUT FOR A TEAR

By Jean M. Brown

IN reporting a funeral a Kansas editor once wrote, in all seriousness, "The corpse lay quietly in his coffin," as though such decorum was not necessarily usual at such a rite.

On a farm eight miles north of Lake City, Kansas in September 1891, another man "lay quietly in his coffin," not dead but alive, though barely so. Unable to move, to speak, or even to flutter an eyelid, he had progressed

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from a deep coma where all life signs were depressed to the beginning edge of awareness. With his thought processes gradually activated, he realized where he was and what was about to take place.

Believed to be dead, he had been prepared for burial and placed in a coffin. The funeral service was over and it was time for the lid to be secured on the casket. Although his body was immobile, the man was able, by this time, to make a limited response to the emotion engendered by his predicament. Tears formed in his eyes and began to slide slowly down his rigid cheeks.

The *Barber County Index* of Medicine Lodge, in reporting the incident on September 9, wrote: "One of his neighbors . . . took his final and farewell look at the face of his old friend, and was surprised to see what he thought was a tear on the cheek of the corpse. He looked closer, and saw that it was a real tear. He dropped the coffin lid and went to work on the corpse, and soon had his old friend and neighbor restored to consciousness, and he is now rapidly recovering from his sickness.

"Mr. Manus said that he was conscious all the time of everything that was said and done, but was unable to speak or move. He was wrought up at the grief of his family, and at the prospect of being buried alive, and the tears issued from his eyes just in time to save him from a horrid fate."

A physician, when asked recently to speculate on the disease from which McManus suffered, leaving him almost totally devoid of life signs, said it was probably a cerebro-vascular accident. The results of a stroke can be an absence of reflexes, shallow respiration, a heart beat as low as 30 per minute, cerebral depression of the brain inhibiting eye movement, and cold flesh as an effect of shock. When the blood pressure dropped and the brain began to shrink, McManus' senses gradually returned.

How fortunate for McManus that his friend wanted to look upon his face one last time. How fortuitous, also, that his experience occurred before the days when the practice of embalming the dead came into general use.

FORTIFICATIONS AT GRAND ISLAND

IN the archives of the Nebraska State Historical Society are the papers of William Stolley, one of the founders of Grand Island. Included is a letter which Stolley wrote to his brother on September 10, 1864 and which was published in the *Staats-Zeitung*, a German language newspaper in New Orleans, Louisiana.

"Since mid-July we [the German pioneers of Grand Island] have been experiencing turbulent times here, as the long feared Indian War broke out here in full fury. . . . The War spread up here to Nebraska where finally, by the beginning of August, strong bands of hostile Indians invaded the Platte River region, after they had swept clear the trail from Leavenworth to Fort Kearny. On the Little Blue they raged fiercely. On the Platte Route from Omaha to Denver (on which we live) they have also made attacks in several different places, murdered and scalped people, burned down ranches and driven off live-stock, especially horses. . . .

"At the outset of the war in this locality all the Americans on Wood River fled to our settlement, that is when the attack occurred thirty miles from here. The most horrible reports came in hourly. All the people gathered at my house and at the O.K. store. My house was full of women, girls and children, and the men lay around outside. The next morning the excitement lessened somewhat . . . . I, however, induced several sensible people to help me put my old fort, which had been built over three years ago, in a better condition for defense. Eight men and I covered my castle, which was enclosed in a 24-foot square, with three layers of sod . . . . armouring it all around with a thick wall of sod, improving loop holes as well as placing new ones on the corners. We also built an underground stable 12 feet wide and 80 feet long near to and on the south side of the castle in which to shelter our horses. The top and inside of this stable can be fired upon from the castle, as well as having port holes of its own above ground, and is connected with the castle by a trench. While eight men were taking care of this work, three more were busy making cartridges for the weapons, moulding bullets and cleaning the guns thoroughly . . . .

"A regular fort made of sod was built two miles east of my house, the four corners of which were provided with lookout posts. The O.K. Store as well as adjoining buildings were completely enclosed with a strong wall and trench . . . .

General Curtis, in person, soon appeared with his troops. He seemed to be astonished by the nice fort which had been built by the Germans . . . and left at the fort as a tribute to their achievement a 6 pounder which is now fired on Sundays."

Stolley ended his letter with an invitation. "Leave unwholesome New Orleans and trade it for rough — it is true — but healthy Nebraska." — *Courtesy Nebraska State Historical Society, Lincoln.*

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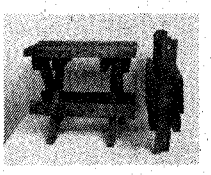

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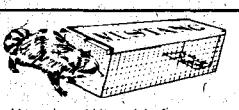

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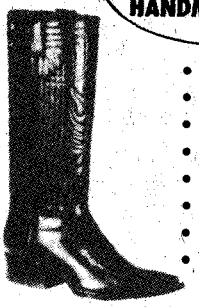

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

(Continued from page 22)

American West with a government-sponsored geological expedition under the leadership of Dr. F.V. Hayden. Moran became the first artist to see and record the remarkable scenery of the upper Yellowstone region. The following year he traveled into Yosemite Valley in California. And in 1873 and 1874 Moran traveled through Utah, Arizona, and central Colorado.

Moran's watercolors of Yellowstone, among other things, influenced Congressmen and Senators and helped to establish Yellowstone as the first National Park.

Carol Clark includes much detail of Moran's life in this attractively produced book. Included are Moran's watercolors of Pike's Peak, Devil's Tower, the Ruby Range, Lake Tahoe, the canyons of the Colorado and Rio Virgin, the Tetons, and Mexico. Some are in color, others in black and white. A bibliography and index are included. Recommended.

THE SLAUGHTERS

The Slaughter Ranches & Their Makers by Mary Whatley Clarke (Jenkins Publishing Co., Box 2085, Austin, Tex. 78768, 254 pages, $12.95 hardcover, 9 x 6 inches).

J. Frank Dobie, the late Texas author of note, once wrote: "No cowman name especially among cow people, has ever been better known than that of Slaughter." And even today the name "Slaughter" remains synonymous with the history of cattle ranching in Texas and the Southwest.

This book tells the story of the Slaughter family. Mary Whatley Clarke has used the papers, manuscripts, and other writings by the Slaughter family members plus government documents and numerous other sources in producing this nicely produced and well-written book.

The book contains fourteen chapters. Several historic photos are included along with notes, a good bibliography and index. Highly recommended to collectors and students of cattle trade history.

DODGE CITY

Discovering Dodge City's Landmarks by Timothy F. Wenzl (available from the author, 1206 Sixth St., Dodge City, Kan. 67801, $8.95 plus 59¢ postage, 8½ x 11 inches).

This nicely produced guide to historic landmarks in Dodge City, Kansas, contains ten sections. Each looks at one geographical area of modern Dodge City and the landmarks in the area.

Photos and maps are included along with interesting descriptive material and history. The maps are coded to correspond to the written material for easy reference.

The author, a native of Kansas City, Missouri, moved to Dodge City in 1977 to work as a newspaper reporter. He is now with the city government. This book will surely become a standard reference work on Dodge City landmarks. Recommended.

ARIZONA GHOST TOWNS

Arizona's Best Ghost Towns by Philip Varney (Northland Press, P.O. Box N, Flagstaff, Ariz. 86002, 142 pages, $19.95 hardcover $10.95 paperback, 8½ x 11 inches).

This nicely produced book is a practical guide to ghost towns in Arizona. The author has organized the book with entries grouped geographically rather than alphabetically. And he has not limited the entries to ghost towns related to Arizona's mining history. Varney does this in eight full chapters.

Numerous photographs — some in color — plus maps and an interesting and well-written text combine to produce a valuable guide. The author also has included five appendices designed to help the reader explore ghost towns. One appendix is on map reading, another is a glossary of mining terms, and there is a pronunciation guide on Arizona names. Another appendix provides helpful hints on photographing ghost town scenes. The last appendix contains information on driving and walking in Arizona, especially in and around the ghost towns. A helpful bibliography and index complete this interesting guide. Recommended.

SALMON RIVER

Salmon River Saga by Kenneth B. Platt (Ye Galleon Press, Fairfield, Wash., copies may be ordered from the author, 1213 Spruce Circle, Moscow, Idaho 83843, 238 pages, $12.50 hardcover, 10½ x 7 inches).

This nicely produced and well-written regional history focuses on the Salmon River region of Idaho. The author, who was born in 1907 at the bottom of the Salmon River canyon about twenty-five miles south of Winchester in the Idaho panhandle, grew up on a ranch. Later he left Idaho to work with the Federal Bureau of Land Management and U.S. State Department. After retirement he returned to Idaho and has been researching and writing the history of his home region.

This work is divided into four parts. The first contains the author's own recollections of events and colorful characters in the area. The second part is an examination of the settlement of the region — who settled where and when. The third contains more stories

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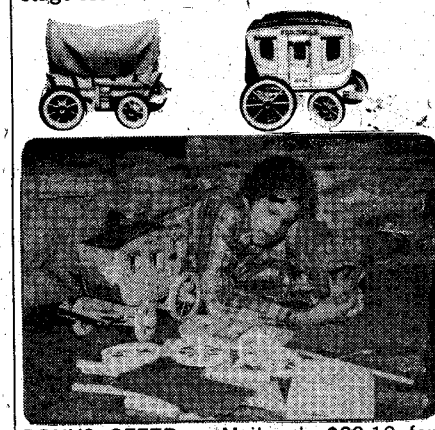

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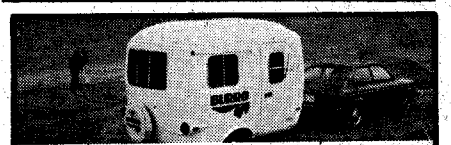

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of pioneer experiences, some fictionalized stories based upon actual people and events. And the last part is devoted to a series of humorous anecdotes.

The book is a fine contribution to the history of the upper Salmon River region and Idaho. Photographs, maps, drawings and a good index are included. Recommended.

TRAILS GROWN DIM

(Continued from page 5)

Nathan Fish (1786-1843) and his wife Betsey Hale (1786-1868). They were married in 1810. Nathan Fish was the son of Nathan Fish (1758-1804) and his wife Abigail Pierce. They were married in 1785.

Mary Beed was a member of the D.A.R. in 1913 when she lived in Epworth, Dubuque County, Iowa, as a lineal descendant of Nathan Fish. — Mrs. Barbara A. Stephens, 4403 N.E. 122nd Avenue, Vancouver, Washington 98662.

Clonzt — Bishop — Shinall — Cook

John Clonzt married Martha Bishop in Tennessee. Who were his parents, brothers, and sisters? Where and when was he and Martha born? Where and when did they die? Their daughter Lula Clonzt was my great-grandmother. She was born January 16, 1871 in Tennessee and married J.S. Shinall who was from Germany or France. Where and when did they marry? Their children were John (my grandfather), Eli, Lawrence, Lindsey, Cleo, Mary, and Laura. All were born and died in Cherokee County, Georgia.

J.S. Shinall died in the 1920s — what year and at what age? Lula died at age 73 in Marietta, Georgia on October 3, 1944. Both are buried in the Shinall family cemetery near Canton, Georgia.

I would also like to know about my great-aunt Becky Cook. She was born in north Georgia to Amanda and John Cook. Her sisters and brothers were Martha, Lizzy, Jullie, Emma, Laurie, Jim, Wilbur, John, Jr., and Frank. She married Luther Brackett and had a son (was his name Luther?). What happened to Becky and her family? Her son was born in 1902. — F.L. Payne, 532 Kennesaw Drive, Smyrna, Georgia 30080.

Lucas - Steward - Tindell

Robert E. Lucas was born in Alabama of South Carolina parents in 1835. He married Sarah Elizabeth Bennett in 1859 in Mississippi, died in Palestine, Texas in 1905, and was buried at Olive Branch at Bushy Creek Cemetery by his son Mack Lucas. Sarah Bennett Lucas was born in Georgia October 2, 1841 and died in Lindale, Texas in 1922. She was buried in City Cemetery. Was her mother's maiden name Elizabeth Baily, born in North Carolina of Virginia parents? Was Robert's mother's maiden name Ann Wilson? Mary (Molly) Lucas Greene is buried near her mother. Susan Lucas married a Walding.

George Washington Steward (or Stewart) was born in South Carolina. Steward's Mills, Freestone County, Texas was named for him. Was he a cousin to Thomas A. Stewart? These Stewarts went from Abbeville County, South Carolina to Monroe County, Mississippi. Thomas and his ten children lived in Pontotoc County, Mississippi. Were John and Hannah Stewart his parents?

I am also seeking information on descendants of John Monroe Tindell (or Tindall), born in the Union District in South Carolina on June 7, 1823 and died October 7, 1872 in Calhoun County, Mississippi. His wife was Nan Tate, his sister was Jan (or Sarah Jane) born in South Carolina and married John Levi Costner in 1828 who was born in Lincoln County, North Carolina. Some Tindalls went to Haskell, Texas and Nolan and Hill Counties, Texas.

Any information on these families will be appreciated. — Elbert E. Covington, Rt. 1, Box 166, DeSoto, Illinois 62924.

"Gunplay" Maxwell - Carr- Bliss

I am seeking information on an outlaw best known in Utah by the alias C.L. "Gunplay" Maxwell for a book on his life. Maxwell was active in that state from the late 1800s until he was killed in Price, Utah on August 23, 1909.

"Gunplay" was active in Wyoming in the early 1890s under the alias Richard Carr. In 1907-1908 he used the last name of Bliss while in the Goldfield and Rawhide areas of Nevada.

I would like to hear from any relatives of people who knew this outlaw and I am most interested in finding any photographs of him. — Richard Johnston, 1532 Goldfield Street, Carson City, Nevada 89701.

Sagee

My grandfather Otis Sagee (pronounced Sage) was born in Canada I believe. He was French-Canadian and died in 1908 in Tonkawa, Kay County, Oklahoma. I do not know the year of his birth. He was a gambler and was married to Pearl Etta Williams sometime between 1900 and 1908. I am told she was from Jefferson City, Missouri and was one-half or one-quarter Cherokee Indian. I believe my grandfather had a brother named Herbert Sagee who may have been an oil man in Oklahoma. Any information will be appreciated. — Robert L. Jones, Box 266, Hanover, Kansas 66945.

Allen - Witham - Spencer

My great-grandfather was Charles Allen, born in 1810 in Ashtabula County, Ohio. His brother Hiram was born in 1806. Who was their father? Was N.W. Allen, a minister born in 1819 also a brother?

The 1820 census shows an Elihis Allen family that fits the description well but includes a daughter. Does anyone know of this family?

Charles Allen married Hetty Ann Witham in 1836 in Porter County, Indiana, had three children and went to Oregon in 1847 and had a son. Hetty died in 1864 and in 1866 Charles married Narcissa Earl and had two sons, Edward and George, born in Walla Walla County, Washington.

Hiram Allen married Nancy Davis in 1837 in Knoxville, Illinois and went to Oregon in 1847. Nancy died in 1849 leaving three children. In 1850 Hiram married Lucinda Cox Brown. Hiram died in 1858 and Lucinda married George Washington Spencer in 1859. Who are descendants?

N.W. Allen married Ann M. Woodward of Connecticut, had three child-

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ren in Ohio, went to Oregon and had five children, one of whom was Ida B. (1864-1941). I will appreciate and answer all letters. — Ken Allen, 3035 Paseo Tanquillo, Santa Barbara, California 93105.

Twombly

I would like to hear from anyone having information about my grandfather, William Manville Twombly. My mother never knew him as he and his wife Celia Doughty Twombly separated before my mother was born. William and Celia were married in 1892.

I have a series of letters from William Twombly to his wife written after they were separated which my grandmother kept. William was a miner at the time in Cambria, Wyoming in Weston County. The letters were written from 1895 through 1896. I also have a picture of him in his miner's outfit. He may have mined in South Dakota also. From the letters it seems he was a member of the Seventh Day Adventist Church.

I would be happy to share the contents of the letters describing a miner's hardships with anyone who knows what happened to William. — Margaret Baker, Route 1, Box 123, Gresham, Oregon 97030.

Bird

I am seeking information on the ancestry of James Bird. The 1850 Platte County, Missouri census shows him to have been born in Kentucky. His wife was Charlotte Faubion Justus Bird born in Tennessee. Children were Spencer and Malinda, born in Missouri. Records show a James Bird in the Liberty, Missouri area in 1839. James left his home (date unknown) to go to work and was never seen again. — Mrs. A.J. Hollingsworth, 9915 West 61st, Shawnee Mission, Kansas 66203.

Rogers

I would like to hear from anyone who might be a descendant of Robert Seaborn Rogers. He was born in 1815 or '16 and was from Tennessee. His father was from Virginia and his mother from North Carolina.

Robert Seaborn Rogers was an orchard man, whiskey and wine maker and lived in Tishomingo County, Mississippi. Later he lived in Prentiss, Mississippi for fifty years and in 1889 moved his family to Indian Territory. His children were Franklin, Mary, Alice, and George (?). His wife was a Cherokee Indian, Mahala C. Poe, daughter of Chief Poe. — Virgil Rogers, 6201 Wible Road #6, Bakersfield, California 93309.

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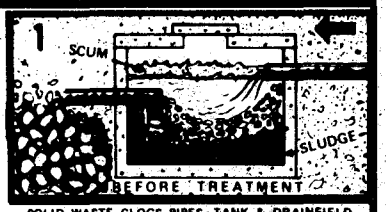

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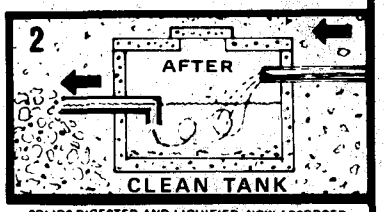

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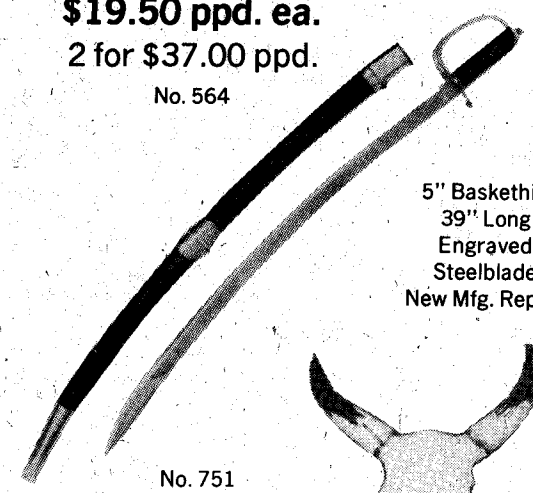

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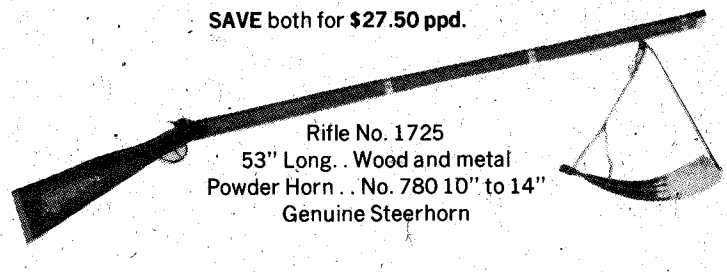

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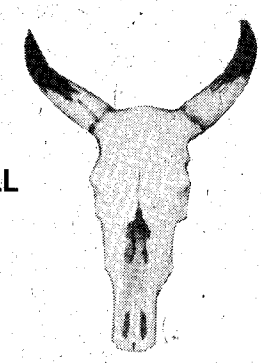

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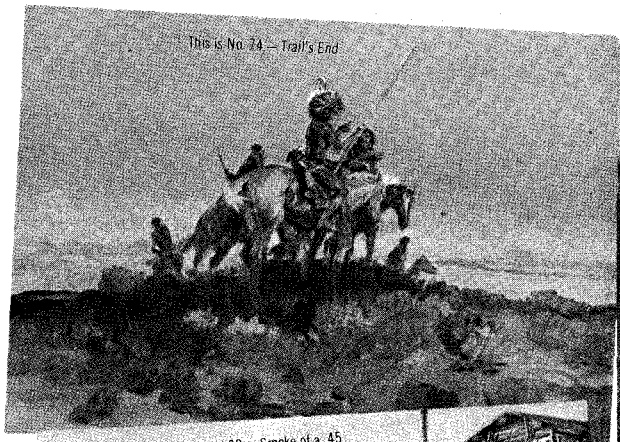
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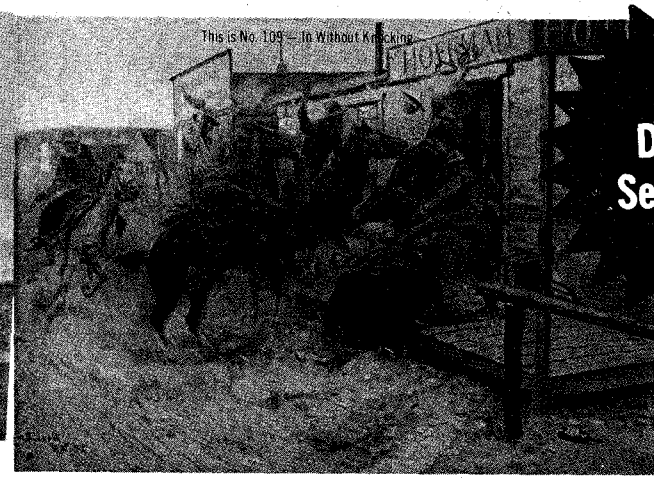
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5—Buffalo Hunt (spears), 11x7½
6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 8x10½
7—Bronc to Breakfast, 15x8½
8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 11½x8
9—Bucking Bronco, 8x11½
10—Better Than Bacon, 11x8½ (watercolor)
11—On the Move, 13½x9½
12—*Buffalo Hunt (arrows)*, 12½x8½ (watercolor)
13—On the Trail, 11x7½
14—The Pony Raid, 10½x8
15—At Close Quarters, 11x8½
16—Capturing the Grizzly, 15x8½
17—Cinch Ring, 15x8½
18—Caught with the Goods, 14x9½
19—Cowboy Life, 10x14
20—Call of the Law, 13½x9½
21—Carson's Men (Kit Carson) 14x9½
22—*Return of the Warriors*, 13½x9½
23—The Water Girl, 9x10½ (watercolor)
24—Renegades Return, 13½x9½
25—Chief Joseph:(Indian Head), 8x11 (watercolor)
26—Deadline on the Range, 14x9½
27—Disputed Trail, 11x14
28—Dangerous Cripple, 14x9½
29—In The Wake of The Buffalo Runners, 10x8
30—Early American, 13½x9½
31—*Elk in Lake McDonald*, 11x8½ (watercolor)
32—First Furrow, 8x12 (watercolor)
33—First Wagon Tracks, 15x8½
34—Finding the Trail, 13½x9½
35—Heads or Tails, 15x8½
36—Heading the Right Way, 13½x9½
37—The Cattle Drive, 13½x9½
38—Women of the Plains, 8x6
39—Invocation To The Sun, 13½x9½
40—Indian Love Call, 13½x9½
41—Jerked Down, 14x9½
42—*The Jerkline*, 14x9½
43—Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10½x7
44—Last of the Herd, 15x8½
45—Last Chance or Bust, 12½x9
46—Mad Cow, 12x8 (watercolor)
47—Wagons Westward, 10½x8 (watercolor)
48—The Challenge, 10½x6½
49—When Arrows Spell Death, 9x7
50—Old Fashioned Stage Coach, 10x7 (watercolor)
51—*At the End of the Rope*, 10½x7
52—Prospectors, 10½x8
53—Planning the Attack, 14x10
54—Pipe of Peace, 14x7
55—Who Killed the Bear? 10½x7
56—Queen's War Hounds, 14x9½
57—Rainy Morning in a Cow Camp, 11x8½
58—Roping a Grizzly, 11x8½
59—Red Man's Wireless, 14x7
60—Roping a Wolf, 11x8
61—Smoking Them Out, 11x10½
62—*Scattering the Riders*, 11½x8
63—Strenuous Life, 14x10
64—Sun Worshippers, 16x10½
65—Serious Predicament, 15x8½
66—Single Handed, 14x9½
67—Slick Ear, 11½x9
68—Smoke of a .45, 12x9
69—Sage Brush Sport, 13½x8½
70—Signal Fire, 11x14
71—When Red Man Talks War, 13½x9½
72—In Enemy Country, 13½x9½
73—*The Medicine Man*, 11x8½
74—Trail's End, 13½x9½
75—The Holdup, 13x8
76—The Bolter, 9½x13½
77—The Attack, 12x8
78—The Drifter, 13½x9½
79—The Tenderfoot, 11x8
80—Two of a Kind Win, 13½x9½
81—Last of 5,000, 8x9½ (watercolor)
82—When Tracks Spell Meat, 13½x9½
83—When the Nose of a Horse Beats the Eyes of a Man, 13½x9½
84—*Mandan Buffalo Hunt*, 13½x9½
85—Wild Horse Hunters (cowboys), 14x9
86—Wild Horse Hunters (Indians), 12½x8 (watercolor)
87—Whose Meat?, 13½x9½
88—Wagon Boss, 16x9½
89—When Mules Wear Diamonds, 13½x9½
90—A Crow Chief, 7x9 (watercolor)
91—Innocent Allies, 13½x9½
92—Where Ignorance is Bliss, 10½x6 (watercolor)
93—*When Sioux & Blackfeet Meet*, 15x8½
94—Warning Shadows, 10½x7
95—When Horse Flesh Comes High, 15x8½
96—Wound Up, 11x8½ (watercolor)
97—The Scouts (Indians) 9½x7
98—Winter Packet, 9½x5 (watercolor)
99—Mourning Her Warrior Dead, 11x8½
100—When Horses Turn Back There's Danger Ahead, 14x9½
101—The Buffalo Hunt (1898) 13½x9½
102—Cowboy Sport, 13½x9½
103—*A Desperate Stand*, 13½x9½
104—Rider of the Rough String, 13½x9½
105—Prairie Express (Stagecoach), 13½x9½
106—The Fire Boat, 10½x8
107—Our Warriors Return, 13½x9½
108—When Wagon Trails Were Dim, 13½x9½
109—In Without Knocking, 14x10
110—Critical Moment (Cowboys), 8x6
111—Land of Good Hunting, 10½x8
112—Meat's Not Meat Until It's In The Pan, 13½x9½
113—Trapper's Last Stand, 14x9½
114—When Meat Was Plentiful, 11x7½
115—Buffalo on the Move, 13½x9
116—Red Skin Raiders, 13½x9
117—Trail of the Iron Horse (Indians, RR tracks)
118—Breaking Camp (Indian Women)
119—Riding Line
120—Indian Trading Post

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